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SEASONS.

Oh the cheerful Budding-time !
 When thorn-hedges turn to green,
 When new leaves of elm and lime
 Cleave and shed their winter screen ;
 Tender lambs are born and " baa,"
 North wind finds no snow to bring,
 Vigorous Nature laughs " Ha, ha,"
 In the miracle of spring.

Oh the gorgeous Blossom-days !
 When broad flag-flowers drink and blow,
 In and out in summer-blaze
 Dragon-flies flash to and fro ;
 Ashen branches hang out keys,
 Oaks put forth the rosy shoot,
 Wandering herds wax sleek at ease,
 Lovely blossoms end in fruit.

Oh the shouting Harvest-weeks !
 Mother earth grown fat with sheaves
 Thrifty gleaner finds who seeks ;
 Russet-golden pomp of leaves
 Crowns the woods, to fall at length ;
 Bracing winds are felt to stir,
 Ocean gathers up her strength,
 Beasts renew their dwindled fur.

Oh the starving Winter-lapse !
 Ice-bound, hunger-pinched and dim ;
 Dormant roots recall their saps,
 Empty nests show black and grim,
 Short-lived sunshine gives no heat,
 Undue buds are nipped by frost,
 Snow sets forth a winding-sheet,
 And all hope of life seems lost.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

A DEAD WORKER.

Cross her hands upon her breast !
 They were never raised in prayer
 While she lived, but in her rest
 Let them be as saints' hands are :
 Poor hard hands, all labour-seamed ! —
 For she worked while others dreamed.

Slender lips, pale buds that never
 Felt love's holy morning dew,
 Making them with gladness quiver —
 Poor dead child ! she never knew
 How our lovers joyance keep :
 In the stubble must she reap.

Prematurely sere and old,
 Thinking but of " market price ;"
 Slight of spirit, very cold,
 With no glory in her eyes
 When the sunlight flashed above her ;
 Wishing weary daytime over.

As Ixion, to the wheel
 Bound of ceaseless round of labour :
 Dulled with work unchangeable,
 So that laughter of a neighbour
 Jarred, like sudden tempest sent
 O'er a silent instrument.

Conscious but that breath was hers :
 Too dull for the questioning,
 Pallid doubts, and wild demurs,
 If a blessed or cursed thing !
 For her stagnant soul, without
 True believing, knew no doubt !

Cross her hands, and leave her so ;
 Make no restless speculations :
 Christ who died alone may know,
 And the angel of His patience :
 Patience teaching, taught perhaps
 More, so thought no doubting shapes.

In imperfect sight that sees,
 Ere the holy salve's anointing,
 Men all indistinct from trees,
 Scornful fingers some were pointing
 At this one, who spent her youth
 Without living — awful truth.

Let us miss or wealth or fame,
 But, oh Saviour, let us go,
 For the sake of Thy great name,
 Where Siloe's waters flow.
 Infinite, we ask not might,
 Only cry to Thee for light !

EMILY H. HICKEY.

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

WHY WILLY WANTS THE CURTAINS UP.

Cold wind, cold wind,
 You may rumble shrilly ;
 Snug and happy in his bed
 Lies our little Willy.

Round moon, round moon,
 On the snow you glisten ;
 You may hear our Willy laugh,
 If you will but listen.

Bright stars, bright stars,
 How the snow has drifted !
 Mother, let the curtain stay ;
 Let me have it lifted :

For I like to see the stars,
 If awake I'm keeping,
 And to have the stars see me,
 If I am a-sleeping.

— *The Nursery.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SOCIAL HYPERBOLE.

WHEN Mrs. Malaprop claims for herself "a nice derangement of epitaphs," she shows a delicate perception of what good talk should be. The person who can apply the right epithet on every occasion has not much to learn in the art of expression; taste and discrimination have, in fact, received the last polish. We wonder what she would have said to the modern practice on this head, which substitutes hyperbole for all nicety of definition. Hyperbole has, indeed, from time immemorial, been the one great colloquial resource where this grace has been wanting. What rhetoricians have called the boldest of all tropes is also the most familiar. People who cannot define with any approach to accuracy have lived and died in ignorance of the defect, by indulging in wild exaggeration; the wilder only the more forcible in their estimation, and boldly descriptive. There has always been a common stock of extreme terms, which it is thought lively and clever to misapply, and which youth and vivacity have, in fact, turned to very amusing purpose. The beauty of every date has enjoyed calling herself hideous if she affects to see the least cloud over her charms, and she dies about every trifle with a pretty grace. Sensibility has long been violently lavish of joys and sorrows above and below the occasion. Things are shocking, terrible, excruciating, enchanting, at a sort of haphazard as to which is which. Energy has always dealt in high numbers, and been profuse in myriads, and affection, playful or affected, ever talked in egregious superlatives and contraries. All this is so natural, so inevitable, while men's animal spirits, or their ambition to produce a sensation, are in advance of the perceptive and inventive faculty, that society would not know itself, if by any ordinance its members were restricted to a literal meaning, or an exact adjustment of adverbs and adjectives: half the world must hold their tongues altogether. But what we note as a modern innovation is the tendency to extreme in this direction, and the growing laziness of social emphasis. Never were niceties of opinion compressed into so small a compass as by the youth of the present day. We observe — and also find the practice adopted in all books which desire to reproduce society as it is — a general disposition to reduce all definition to the use of two or three terms. All that affects the boy agreeably is jolly;

all that annoys the girl is horrid; all that they find, or pretend to find, irksome, troublesome, or oppressive, is awful; though even this rule of adaptation may be reversed: while every shade and degree of satisfaction, from ease up to rapture, is expressed in a compound of the two; and the schoolboy — along with the considerable class that adopts his style — whose measure of content is filled up, is awfully jolly. Here is the climax to which nothing further can be added.

We can understand the convenience of this economy of mental effort. A word that will do for all occasions, and, like the bark of a dog, depend for its meaning upon intonation, upon force or vivacity of utterance, saves trouble, and reduces the intellectual expense of conversation to its minimum. But this, to all appearance, is not the view taken by the speaker, who has the air of doing something clever, and expressing himself with spirit; as being urged to these eccentricities by a more than commonly vivid enjoyment of life. And sometimes the thing is effective. Far be it from us unduly to restrict the vagaries of animal spirits. Even from soft and ruddy lips, under the conciliatory charm of a musical utterance, these barbarous terms have been known, amusingly enough, to express the sweet audacity of youth. The rude formula surprises like wit at the first hearing. But the worst of it is, that this method of creating a sensation is so easy, that it tempts to repetition, while there can be no repetition of agreeable surprise; and the hearer, ceasing to be diverted, falls into the reflective vein. It occurs to him, if these young folks habitually relieve themselves from the difficulty of selection, and feel they are committing a witty sportive indiscretion by adopting these or kindred phrases, what they are to do when youth is past. There is a time, so far at least, when "jolly" and "awful" and "horrid" cease to be graceful. We are not amused by blind indiscriminate disgust or jollity in middle life. There must be a reason why.

All good talk is an art, and owes much to practice. When one of these airy talkers nears thirty, who has hitherto made two or three adverbs and adjectives serve his or her turn, we can scarcely picture to ourselves a more helpless case. He has taste enough to feel that such high-pressure terms are no longer for him; they strike upon his own as well as the listener's ear as painfully at variance with the subdued level of his spirits. He is satisfied to be comfortable without any sense of irrepressible un-

intelligent delight in the mere sense of life. Yet what is he to do? He is not willing to give up emphasis, which is the spice of conversation, but where is he to find it? We are satisfied that many fluent talkers among our youth will be stranded ten years hence, and will have to retire into social obscurity, their style pointless, the right word never presenting itself, simply because a few obtrusive but inadmissible expressions will always keep to the front of memory, and put every fitting, select epithet out of reach, till the moment which called for it is past.

Ordinary English discourse is astonishingly wanting in neatness and exactitude; and we believe the failing to be a growing one. A generation or two ago, Madame de Staël said that the English *could* talk well, but that, as the talent for conversation was useless in the service of ambition among them, they took no trouble about it. Eloquence of diction has not grown in favour since then. Nobody cares to listen as they used to do to good talk; so, what people say must be condensed. An impression must be conveyed by some rapid means, and hyperbole is the readiest means. As a fact, few would exaggerate if they could say the thing exactly as it really is, so thrilling a pleasure is it to hit the mark. Wide-shooting is the common refuge of the tongue, which cannot measure or discriminate. Timid unobservant minds resort to it in mere hopelessness of successful plain speaking. They would not willingly shoot short of their aim, and therefore send their arrow anywhere so it is beyond the target. Our language is full of the superlatives of impotent exaggeration; and the mind that indulges in them must live in a muddle. Accurate speaking as much drives to accurate thinking as clear thought leads to clear speech. Tongue and thought play into each other's hands. Practice in words clears up ideas. People who have never sought into the causes of what pleases or repels can have nothing to say to the purpose; but, by realising the charm of expressing themselves correctly, as far as their light goes, they are driven to thought, and thus nourish dormant discrimination into life. The uniform appeal to the vast and vague, the hyperbolical vein applied to common things, is irreconcilable with anything else but a dull, untrained perception, a blindness inborn — or the result of laziness — to the nice varieties and subtle characteristics which distinguish things seemingly alike, and give to each its identity. Hence the weariness we feel when long subject to

this large, burly, lavish style of talk; whether vaguely indefinite, or (a kindred though advanced temptation) passing from the abstract to the concrete, giving a body to exaggeration, shooting with the long bow in circumstantial narrative, and fixing quality and conditions with a view rather to effect than to truth. We weary, not because our moral sense is wounded by hearing things that are vaguely or positively untrue, but of some intellectual deficiency in the speaker. Hyperbole, to please, needs a fine active fancy; it is indulged in, for the most part, through the want of this faculty, and in a desperate effort to conceal the void alike from speaker and listener. Yet perhaps of all figures humanity can least spare the hyperbole; it is the natural, the legitimate, nay the only engine for a large class of feelings, thoughts, and aspirations — the necessary reaction from rigid fact. It is only when it expresses neither animal spirits, nor sense of life, nor emotion, nor passion, nor the sublime, nor the unknown, nor the grotesque, nor the ridiculous — when it is neither grand, nor witty, nor satirical, nor insolent, nor contemptuous — that we take exception to its rhetorical use; only when people treat plain things hyperbolically, because they cannot treat them exactly, and are lost to all sense of proportion.

Beyond these natural and legitimate calls for its use, hyperbole has another sphere, the most familiar of all, though not so distinctly acknowledged — we may say, indeed, under a cloud, because in it fancy works in the trammels of a certain subservience to fact; and that is panegyric. The original Panegyric Oratory is said to have grown out of a strong feeling of the pleasure of existence; and a short-lived bombastic exaltation undoubtedly fits well still with certain occasions where men meet to testify that the world is worth living in. But it was better understood in its first rise. The panegyric spoken before excited Athenian multitudes was a permitted lie, recognised as such both by speaker and hearer, and distinctly opposed by critics to the Veracious. The orator made it part of his art to diminish and magnify solely with a view to effect, to dress up facts for the occasion, to tickle the ears of his audience with illusions, which they knew to be such in the long-run, but which met with temporary acceptance as ideal truth. Such hyperbole we are all sufficiently acquainted with still; but it needs a packed audience, and the worst of it is, it soon goes out of date and gets misunderstood. When a man

says a thing, it requires some largeness of mind, the occasion being past, to perceive that he did not intend us to think he meant it; and this because it has become more a class feature than a graceful necessity of some special occasion. It is the one force of American popular eloquence; it is the engine of the demagogue, who flatters his audience at the expense of every person and institution beside. It is the open resource of the social speaker; it secures the journalist his readers; even the popular preacher finds its use. Under its inspiration the orator's conscience is emancipated from severe fact. He rejoices in a grasp of the spirit above the letter of his theme. The present and the visible occupy and crowd up every corner of his perception; nothing that is past or to come can compare with the now and the present; he has reached a climax of joy, or fruition, or pre-eminence, which his hearers in some way or other share, or have assisted to bring about. The action under review is unprecedented. The hero of the hour has no fellow; the time, the occasion, has been foreseen and prepared for by all the preceding ages, and now absorbs the interest of an attentive universe. This is all very well while the occasion and the circumstance last; but the moment the cold daylight of common sense is suffered to bear upon it, people have a sense of having been taken in, and then hard words are used.

All other forms of the hyperbole, if they are good to start with, keep their nature; but the panegyric, from such causes as these, becomes corrupt with time, and then it is "fulsome," "servile," "false," "truculent," "base." People will be over-severe on the boastful hyperbole of a past age, which evidently took its cue from the ancients. We are convinced that, when the good people of three hundred years back, followed by Dryden and the thorough-going panegyrists of his time, wrote eulogistic prefaces, poems, dedications, which make us stare, and think ourselves so much more honest than they, the thing was understood by contemporaries. They were never supposed to mean it in any absolute, exclusive sense. They were well seen to be exercising an art, and judged by the success of that art. All that they said to the contrary in well-tuned verse did not render a counteracting undercurrent of opinion dishonourable. But still, as we have granted, there is in this style a commerce with fact which is fatal to the life of hyperbole; it loses its nature and gets called a lie. It is not known for what it is, away from its context of time and place.

The panegyrist of every age gets called names, and each age as it encourages him gets called names too. There is a notion of profit and bargain attached to the practice, and the toleration of it, which distinguishes it from other flights. We cannot help a suspicion that Walsh, for example, had ulterior views upon William when he makes a demigod of him, and ends a sounding enough verse with —

"These acts made Hercules a god,
And great Nassau a king;"

and winds up his poem with the disclaimer —

"These subjects suit not with the lyre.
Muse! to what height dost thou aspire?
Pretending to rehearse
The thoughts of gods and godlike kings;
Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
By mean ignoble verse."

And yet they probably only struck his contemporaries as neat turns which did his "muse" credit; and William himself, simply as compliments the occasion absolutely demanded.

A notable example of this panegyric hyperbole is to be found in the great French preachers. They knew, and they knew that their hearers knew, of the enormous scandals of the Court of the Grand Monarque, but it did not wound anybody's conscience to attribute to him godlike qualities, and to represent him as the one object on which the eyes of the visible and invisible world were alike bent with approving wonder. No language could be found exalted enough to express the glory of their King. *Le Ciel, L'Univers*, and *Les Anges* are assumed to be pretty exclusively occupied with the triumphs and magnanimity of Louis and his generals. They are all divinities together, so far as being lifted above common humanity is concerned. And this we believe from no base or selfish motives in the flatterer, but that really the nation, and the eloquence of the nation, was in such a stretched, tip-toe, crowing state of elation that language less full-dress and decorated would have been felt inadequate on all hands. Not a man in France could talk reasonably on such a theme, or, if he did, could have got a hearing. Hence passages selected by critics of the day for commendation and example are precisely what would now be adduced as illustrations of gross and venal flattery and bombast, of which the present age is incapable. Molière, who showed himself so alive in his 'Precieuses' to the fashionable

hyperbole of conversation, one can hardly suppose blind to the general excesses of oratory and of public declamation; but if so, he escaped suspicion. No conscience and no taste was awake to any touch of offence. Dryden, influenced by French taste, and the poet of all others most imbued by the spirit of his own day, was not likely to come second in this easy field for florid invention. He made a good start when a boy, in the lines quoted by Johnson, upon a nobleman dying of small-pox; where the pustules are first rosebuds, then gems, and at length stars —

"No comet need foretell his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation."

He makes quite as free with the angels as any Frenchman. They gather to review the king's fleet: —

"To see the fleet upon the ocean move
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies,
And Heaven, as if there wanted light above,
For tapers, made two glaring comets rise."

Now, when the days of dedications and all incident temptations are over, the language Dryden permitted himself does amaze one. But it is not more strange that he could write what he did, than that the person addressed, and the public who read, could tolerate it. The only solution is, that there was a general understanding on such things. It was a heightened form of the universal, and to us fulsome, social hyperbole of that day. He thought it possible to write to Lord Dorset, a man of intellect enough to know the measure of his own powers: "There is more of salt in all your verses than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients." "It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errors of other men, but it is your prerogative to pardon them, . . . and to forgive the many failings of those who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius, which are as inborn to you as they were to Shakspeare, and, for aught I know, to Homer." How dense would poor Dryden think the posterity which pronounces upon all this as "servility;" and sees anything unsuited to the imperious necessity for saying something handsome when, in testimony to a nobleman's good-nature, he gravely asserts that it is impossible for Lord Dorset to have either enemies or mere acquaintances. "They who have conversed with you are ever and inviolably yours." "Neither can we say we think we admire and love

you above all other men; there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it." To address a witty and affable nobleman in a preface to Juvenal, and to treat him with less than divine honours, would be to convict himself of unfitness for the task of translating a great classic. It was an occasion for fine speeches, and it was not in him to disappoint expectation. But that in the course of ages a generation should be born which supposed he said all this seriously, would, we are satisfied, never occur to him. What! imagine that he wanted Lord Dorset to believe him, or to suspect him of anything beyond civility, when he pronounced him the better poet of the two, because he writes, "There is not an English writer this day living who is not perfectly convinced that your lordship excels all others in all the several parts of poetry that you have undertaken to adorn." The strain has as little to do with conscience as with our views of personal dignity. So long as things sounded well, Dryden at least did not care for a strict consistency, and could insinuate a satire in the very midst of the most high-flown panegyric. Thus, in his monstrous eulogy on Charles II., he prettily contrives to represent him as but a mean rewarder of literary merit on earth, while he is exalted to its guardian angel in heaven. The "officious Muses" had accompanied him to our shores on his restoration: —

"Though little was their hire and light their gain,
Yet something to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise, that lived on morning dew.
Oh, never let their lays his name forget;
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invoked below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now."

If any of our readers are disposed to take offence at our too easy morality on this score, we can only say we are driven to it. We, too, have a received system of social hyperbole. We make excuses for a past age to defend our own. We do hear respectable men say such things, and commit themselves to such enormous statements when compliment is the order of the day, that a theory is absolutely necessary to reconcile ourselves with estimable humanity, that does the work of the world, and does it well too.

The truth was, in our Augustan age no

writer, treating of things of the day, felt himself up to the mark if he did not either lift up his theme to the skies or cast it to the swine, as party or personal considerations demanded. Whatever venality there was lay in making use, for private purposes, of hyperbole, which the previous generation of poets had devised simply to show their parts. The "enormous and disgusting" yet ingenious hyperbole of the Donne and Cowley school, which passed for imagination, made flattery easy when applied to that purpose. People were so used to the flinging of ideas together, prodigious in their opposition, that nothing was properly fanciful and ingenious that did not outrage proportion. A lady is not fair unless she dazzles the fishes when she bathes with a light brighter than the sun; nor does a lover get credit for his passion if his sighs do not magnify and accumulate into a high wind. Nothing obvious, nothing naturally suggested by the subject, passed for fancy; truth and feeling were the last things thought of; —in this resembling our poor and bare domestic hyperbole, to which people are driven from the same inability to realise their subject, while so painfully failing in the resource and ingenuity by which the sharp-witted poets in the age of conceits covered their defects. It is this hyperbole, an affectation of excess to hide deprivation and tenuity, that haunts our meetings and partings, which inflates the social orator, which stultifies the natural influence of the special scene. Everything is overdone in the endeavour not to disgrace an occasion which the exaggerator in his inner heart is conscious of not coming up to.

Yet of all figures it is the one which neither socially nor oratorically, nor in domestic literature, could we do without. A good hyperbole is an exquisite enjoyment. It hits the fancy with a double satisfaction —it magnifies the common and familiar, which is our native sphere, and brings the vast within an easy distance. Through this sleight of hand, there is nothing that a good hearty hyperbole does not for the time even us with. In fact, it owes much of its agreeableness to this knack of making great things subservient to our diversion, and subduing them to our lighter needs; and though simple force, expressing itself within the compass of plain speaking, never has recourse to exaggeration, there are occasions when, only by touches of the impossible, by compelling resemblances in things dissimilar, by magnifying the familiar out of its identity, can a full strong impression be

conveyed. We speak of it here not as an engine of sublimity or terror, but as a social inspirer and elevator; as giving magnitude to our trifles, dignity to our quarrels, importance to our place and work in the world, and, above all, pre-eminence to the present — a very necessary inflation if most of us are to be content with our own task and office. We are, perforce, interested in matters which will sink presently like a drop into the ocean of time: hyperbole inflates the drop into a very respectable, nay, portentous, bubble, and satisfies us till the collapse come, by which time another is ready to take its place. Thus, in every party crisis, what should we do without it? The question may be small, local, insignificant, — the struggle a mere storm in a teacup, — looked at from a matter-of-fact point of view; but hyperbole sustains our self-respect and gives dignity to our excitement. All history is invoked to find a parallel, and fails to find it. In every contest where the passions are well roused, hyperbole assists us to find something unprecedented; and people, who without this stimulant might feel their cause and themselves unimportant to the outer world, by its aid squabble through their lives in a comfortable complacency.

It is only the minority who can do their work, knowing precisely its amount of importance and utility; most men need magnifying-glasses. What would the press do without it, the proverbial country editor? — the religious newspaper, which is indeed the privileged field for this figure, as in fact meddling with subjects that affect our highest interests? Every reader has his examples, fruitful in vituperative hyperbole. Our eye chances to fall on a last year's organ of the Papacy, which will illustrate our meaning: "There is not on record an instance of more stupendous duplicity and perfidy than that invasion of Sicily by Garibaldi, under the advice, guidance, and protection of Count Cavour and Lord Palmerston, the two wickedest and most perverse plotters against the Church and against Continental peace and order that ever cursed Europe." No doubt the interests involved here are momentous ones, but the style convinces one that the editor will never want heroes to out-Herod these Herods, even if he has to seek for them in a parish vestry. And happily this strain does not perpetuate antipathies. Superlatives break no bones. An hyperbolical philippic leaves us much where it found us when the storm is over; hence the magnanimity with

which foaming disputants and rival editors can compliment and felicitate each other when the occasion for panegyric arrives.

But wit is the true sphere for the social hyperbole, enlarging its resources indefinitely. Hyperbole is so loose of details that it may touch the awful, the horrible, the disgusting, even the profane, without offence, without conveying the revolting features of the idea intended to be conveyed; just serving itself of so much as fits its purpose, and ignoring the rest. Who thinks in Charles Lamb's chapter on roast pig of the pig's inconvenience in that constantly recurring incendiarism; or finds his nerves wince when Miss Bronte's ill-chosen word nearly plucks the eyes out of her tutor's head? Who feels the facts involved in Colonel Crocket's threat of eating any man opposed to General Jackson? or who reads with any recoil of the civilities which passed between the opposing pickets before Charleston, when one cried, "Would not you like to have some of our Johnny-cakes for your wormy bread?" the other reflected, "This was a hard hit. The Federal bread is certainly very bad just now, the worms very large and very lively! but we did not know before that they could be seen from the enemy's works." Anything absolutely impossible affects us more by its impossibility than by any other of its conditions, and there is a positive satisfaction in entertaining repulsive ideas divested of their repulsiveness. Nobody can be in very evil case who can express its inconveniences in a neat hyperbole. The parson knew how to keep the cold from heart and hearth who described his living —

"Far north, my lord, it lies,
Mid snowy hills, inclement skies:
One shivers with the arctic wind;
One hears the polar axis grind."

The quickened fancy itself gives tone. By affecting to magnify trouble, though it be real, the fun that works in every situation in life is brought to the front.

Thus if a man wants us to feel for us or for his cause he must not exaggerate. Pathos will have nothing to do with hyperboles; it keeps to its point, and affects us through a reproduction of a scene or a situation, guided to the moving points by the instinct of feeling. Numbers and vastness in their own nature counteract pathos. We are apt to feel more for an individual's calamity than if a thousand share in it. But this is because we lose the effect of literal and exact

representation. Cowper, in his dirge, — set to the music of a knell, — which tells how

"Kempfenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men,"

makes us feel for eight hundred men like one. But this is done by a simplicity and exactness of detail rarely attainable, or even aimed at, where the fate of numbers is concerned. Contrast our sense of pity in a plain tale and that designed to be excited by the Rabbins' account of a great slaughter made of their people, when "there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of a hundred yards' circumference above three miles into the sea." But we are not seriously comparing styles of expression so far removed from one another as the Oriental and our own, though Southey has done his best to reconcile modern English ears to Eastern hyperbole.

Love is never so light and airy a sentiment as when its pains and longings are played with through this medium. Waller could not have been inspired by a serious passion when he composed his sweet lines which represent his Sacharissa the sole object of his own and the world's devotion. It is by no means an extreme instance, but so pretty in its defiance of cold fact that we give it: —

"That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind.
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair.
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

Hyperbole is, we need not say, the inevitable language of gallantry where feeling is not the thing to be conveyed, and, indeed, would change gallantry into something else, and so spoil sport. Not that the following charming and distinguished hyperbole, from Lord Dorset's Song to the Ladies of England, was unprompted by feeling, but it was the fever of excitement on the eve of an engagement, quickening the whole nature, and wit, as a prominent feature of that nature, into intenser action:

"Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind.
Our tears we'll send a speedier way —
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grew bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs.
With a fa la la la la."

Of course, the whole wit of the 'Rape of the Lock' lies in the exquisite use of this figure as an engine of gallantry. What prodigious machinery brought to bear on infinitesimal matters! We are never tired of the opposition of great ideas with small: the egregious comparisons and the apotheosis of trifles: from the toilet where

"The nymph adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers,"

and

"Awful beauty puts on all its charms;"

and most terrible among them the redoubtable lock, nourished by the nymph

"To the destruction of mankind,"

to the offices of invisible genii, some of whom

"Brew fiercest tempests in the wintry main;"

while others, as potent over nature,

"Steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash;"

or concentrate their cares on a lap-dog —

"Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock."

Again, the combat of beaux and belles —

"While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A bean, and wilting, perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
'O cruel nymph, a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
'Those eyes are made so killing,' was his last."

But the whole poem is an example. The hyperbole of wits compels us to a supreme

(though momentary) realization of the near and familiar over the remote; and so is often a prodigious mode of expressing man's supremacy. Thus Mrs. Partington mops out the Atlantic; and "all the planets and comets," according to Sydney Smith's showing, "meant to stop and look on at the first meeting of Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill:" and when his friends the Whigs were turned out of office, the same authority announced, "Nothing can exceed the fury of the Whigs: they meant not only to change everything upon the earth, but to alter the tides and to suspend the principles of gravitation and vegetation, and to tear down the solar system." This certainly assists us to a notion of the temper of the Whigs upon being thwarted when they thought they held the world in a string. Yet these Titans can be individually very small in the same hands when he practises his diminishing powers. "When are we to see you?" he writes to Jeffrey; "a difficult thing at all times to do."

Hyperbole is the natural resource of contempt; indeed, through this means alone can it be judiciously expressed, or perhaps expressed at all. For contempt as an active feeling is incompatible with a calm dispassionate judgment, and rushes into violent injurious comparisons. Hence the whole vocabulary of insult; and it is astonishing the appetite the world has for this exercise of imagination, and how unduly, as we think, the great masters of the art have been estimated. What would "Junius" be without his hyperbolical detraction, which the world of his day gloated over? Dip into these famous Letters, and pages and pages of coarse contempt make us wonder at the taste of our fathers.

"Whether you have talents (he writes to the Duke of Grafton) to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. . . . Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was

forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again," &c. &c. &c.

This Brobdignagian strain took the reader of a day which had been used to see contempt one of the favorite vehicles for wit. Nobody passed muster who had not mis-called somebody in swelling and noisy periods. For us, we can't admire one sort of sound hearty vituperation much more than another. There is a decided likeness, for example, between all this talk of vitriol and villany, and the mode and terms adopted by a certain virago, celebrated by De Quincey as affording diversion to Coleridge and his set, to express her contempt of her husband: Junius allowing his public to read the letter, she courting hers through the superscription. Doubtless because her husband had ceased to open her letters, she hit upon the plan of expressing her opinion of him upon the cover, and would address him through the post-office in such periphrases as, "To that supreme of rogues that looks the hang-dog that he is, Doctor (such a doctor!) Andrew Bell!" Or, "To that ape of apes, and knave of knaves, who is recorded to have once paid a debt — but a small one, you may be sure — in fact it was 4½d. Had it been on the other side of 6d., he must have died before he could have achieved so dreadful a sacrifice." An effective hyperbole certainly, as well relished probably by its readers, and inflicting as sharp a sting on its victim, as the more laboured invective which precedes it. There is force in both the stilted and the grotesque. They are provoked by a real need of expression in opposition to the flatter vituperation to which the ears of our generation are accustomed.

The grotesque in all its branches is made up of hyperbole. Our youth is trained to it in the pantomime, where alone is any deliberate attempt made to produce the figure visibly and in action; though we may be used enough to undesigned and serious monstrosities of disproportion, typified in the idolatry of that ancient people who worshipped a fly and sacrificed an ox to it; or in the crime of that learned, and amiable as learned, French antiquary, who murdered his best friend to become possessed of a medal, without which his collection was incomplete. It is the inexhaustible resource of the circus,

where by no means the worst hyperboles are to be met with; the figure owing its success, as we see in American humour, to a fine natural vein rather than to a polished cultivation. The wit of a clown introduces a simple audience to intellectual exercises, of which their common life is too bare, and so serves an educational purpose. The mouth he knows, that is wider than from year to year, for it is from here to yonder, is a difficult idea for even a practised intelligence to catch and make its own; but the effort does something, inducing the infant and the rustic into abstractions.

There are sensations and impressions that can only be adequately apprehended by hyperbole, by a bold paradox, which critics of the narrower sort denounce as absurdity. We mean where the thing to be described is a negation, incapable of an active existence, yet to be realised must be imaged as possessing life and action. Dryden was persecuted with perpetual ridicule for his lines —

"A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we a tempest fear."

Yet he hits his mark by shooting beyond it. And no imagination can treat of silence so as to convey the idea of it and satisfy the ear's experience of its effect upon the brain without a similar violence to vulgar sense. Thus Wordsworth writes —

"The silent hills and more than silent skies;"

and Sydney Smith of those *flashes* of silence which made Macaulay's talk so much more agreeable than it had been before they illuminated his eloquence.

We began by commenting on the popular tendency to exaggeration in familiar discourse, the endeavour of our sprightly youth to impart vivacity to their style by the use of a tried and universally popular formula. There we think them on a wrong tack. By all means, we say, let them be forcible, and hyperbolically forcible if they will; but what we have desired, and bring to their notice, is, that all hyperbole that really pleases is an immediate effort of the fancy, that there is no common stock of hyperboles with a monopoly to please, and that those who affect them, if they would win credit, must follow Aere's system with his oaths, and strike them off fresh and appropriate to the occasion.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE TWILIGHT AT LAMBSWOLD.

It seemed that there were many things of which Fontaine was unconscious. Catherine never dared to trust him with the secret of Dick's engagement to Reine Chrétien. This was too valuable a piece of gossip to be confided to the worthy maire's indiscretion. The country people talked a little; but they were all used to Mademoiselle Chrétien's old independent ways, and after Dick had been gone some weeks they appeared for a time to trouble their heads no more about him.

But Richard Butler reached home, more than ever determined to make a clean breast of it, as the saying goes. Reine's good-by and last bright look seemed to give him courage. What would he not do for her sake?

Her knight in ancient times would have gone out valiantly, prepared to conquer dragons, fierce giants, monsters of land and sea. The only fierce dragon in Butler's way was the kind old man at Lambswold; and yet, somehow, he thought he would rather encounter many dragons, poisonous darts, fiery tails and all. But then he thought again of Reine standing in the sunset glory, in all her sweet nobility, and a gentle look came into Dick's own face. Women who have the rare gift of great beauty may well cherish it, and be grateful to Heaven. With the unconscious breath of a moment, they can utter all that is in them. They have said it at once, for ever, while others are struggling for words, toiling with effort, trying in vain to break the bonds which fetter them so cruelly. What sermon, what text, is like that of a tender heart, speaking silently in its own beauty and purity, and conscious only of the meaning of its own sincerity? What words can speak so eloquently as the clear sweet eyes looking to all good, all love, all trust, encouraging with their tender smile?

Queen's Walk did not look so deserted as the other more fashionable parts of London. The dirty little children had not left town. The barges were sailing by; the garden-door was set wide open. The housekeeper let him in, smiling, in her best cap. Mr. Beamish was away, she told him, in Durham with his father, who was recovering, poor gentleman. There were a great many letters waiting on the 'all-table, she said. Dick pulled a long face at the pile of cheap-looking envelopes directed very low down, with single initial-letters upon the seals.

Mrs. Busby had cleaned down and rubbed up the old staircase to shining pitch. The studio, too, looked very clean and cool and comfortable. Everybody was away. Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Butler were at Brighton, and Mr. Charles Butler had not been up in town for some time; Mr. Beamish had desired all his letters to be forwarded to Durham; he was coming back as soon as he could leave his father.

Everybody knows the grateful, restless feeling of coming home after a holiday; crowded hotels, fierce landladies' extortions, excursions, all disappear up the chimney; everything looks clean and comfortable; the confusion of daily life is put to rights for a time, and one seems to start afresh. Mrs. Busby had had the carpets beat, she said, and dinner would be quite ready at six. Dick, who was not sorry to have an excuse to stay where he was and to put off the announcement he had in his mind, wrote a few words to Lambswold, saying that he would come down in a week or two, as soon as he had finished a picture he had brought back with him from Tracy.

For some weeks Dick worked very hard; harder than he had ever done in his life before. "I suppose the figures upon my canvases have come there somehow out of my brain," he wrote to Reine, "but they seem to have an odd distinct life of their own, so that I am sometimes almost frightened at my own performance." The picture he was painting was a melancholy one; a wash of brown transparent sea, a mist of grey sky, and some black-looking figures coming across the shingle, carrying a drowned man. A woman and a child were plodding dully alongside. It was unlike any of the pictures Butler had ever painted before. There was no attempt at detail, everything was vague and undetermined, but the waves came springing in, and it seemed as if there was a sunlight behind the mist. . . .

Sometimes he fell into utter despondency over his work, plodding on as he did at it day after day with no one to speak to, or to encourage him; but he struggled on, and at last said to himself one day, that with all its faults and incompleteness, there was more true stuff in it than in anything he had yet produced.

One day Dick received a short note in his uncle Charles's careful handwriting:—"When are you coming down here?" the old man wrote. "I have not been well, or I should have been up to town. I suppose you could paint here as well as in your studio or under Matilda's auspices? but this place is dismal, and silent, and empty, and

has no such attractions as those which, from all accounts, Tracy seems to hold out. So I shall not be surprised if I do not see you. Mundy takes very good care of me. If I really want you I will send for you. Yours, — C. B.”

“What has he heard?” thought Dick, when he read the note. “Who can have told him anything? Is he vexed, or only out of spirits?” Butler felt he must go of course. It was tiresome, now that he was just getting into the swing, and doing the first piece of work which was worth the canvas on which it was painted. As for taking his picture there, Dick was more afraid of his uncle’s sarcastic little compliments than of any amount of criticism; and, besides, there was no knowing what might be the result of their meeting. He would go down and pay him a visit, and tell him his story, and then if he were not turned out for ever, it would be time enough to see about transporting the canvas.

Dick took his ticket in a somewhat injured frame of mind. All the way down in the railway carriage, he was rehearsing the scene that was to take place; — he took a perverse pleasure in going over it again and again. Sometimes he turned himself out of the doors, sometimes he conjured up Charles Butler’s harsh little sarcastic laugh, sneering and disowning him. Once he saw himself a traitor abandoning Reine for the sake of the bribe; but no, that was impossible; that was the only thing which could not happen. When he got to the station he had to hire the fly, as he was not expected, and to drive along the lanes. They were damp and rotting with leaves; grey mists came rolling along the furrows; a few belated birds were singing an autumnal song.

“They say the old gentleman’s a-breaking up fast,” said the flyman, cheerfully, as he dismounted at the foot of one of the muddy hills. “He’s not an old man, by no means yet, but my missis she see him go by last Sunday for’night, and says she to me just so, ‘Why,’ says she, ‘old Mr. Butler ain’t half the man he wer’ in the spring-time.’”

Dick could not help feeling uncomfortable; he was not in the best of spirits; the still, close afternoon, with the rotting vegetation all about, and the clouds bearing heavily down, predisposed him to a gloomy view of things. They drove in at the well-known gates.

“I hope I shall find my uncle better,” he said, trying to speak hopefully, as he got down at the hall-door, and ran up the old-fashioned steps. Mundy opened the door.

“Oh, Mr. Richard,” he said, “I have

just been writing to you. My master is very poorly, I am sorry to say — very poorly indeed.”

Old Mr. Butler was alone in the morning-room when his nephew came in. He had had a fire lighted, and he was sitting, wrapped in an old-fashioned palm dressing-gown, in a big chair drawn close up to the fender. The tall windows were unshuttered still, and a great cloud of mist was hanging like a veil over the landscape.

“Well, my dear boy,” said a strange yet familiar voice, “I didn’t expect you so soon.”

It was like some very old man speaking and holding out an eager trembling hand. As old Butler spoke, he shut up and put into his pocket a little old brown prayer-book in which he had been reading. Dick, who had been picturing imaginary pangs to himself all the way coming down, now found how different a real aching pain is to the visionary emotions we all inflict upon ourselves occasionally. It was with a real foreboding that he saw that some terrible change for the worse had come over the old man. His face was altered, his voice faint and sharp, and his hand was burning.

“Why didn’t you send for me, my dear uncle Charles? I never knew . . . I only got your letter this morning. If I had thought for one instant. . . .”

“My note was written last week,” said Charles. “I kept it back on purpose. You were hard at work, weren’t you?” Dick said nothing. He had got tight hold of the trembling, burning hand. “I’m very bad,” said old Charles, looking up at the young fellow. “You won’t have long to wait for my old slippers.”

“Don’t, my dear, dear old boy,” cried Dick.

“Pah!” said old Butler, “your own turn will come sooner or later. You won’t find it difficult to go. I think you won’t,” said the old broken man, patting Dick’s hand gently.

Dick was so shocked by the suddenness of the blow he was scarcely able to believe it.

“Have you seen any one?” the young man asked.

“I’ve seen Hickson, and this morning, Dr. de M—— came down to me,” Charles Butler answered, as if it was a matter of every-day occurrence. “He says it’s serious, so I told Mundy to write to you.”

Old Charles seemed quite cheerful and in good spirits; he described his symptoms, and seemed to like talking of what might be — he even made little jokes.

“You ungrateful boy,” he said, smiling,

"there is many a young man who would be thankful for his good luck, instead of putting on a scared face like yours. Well, what have you been about?"

It was horrible, Dick tried to answer and to speak as usual, but he turned sick once, and bit his lips, and looked away, when his uncle, after a question or two, began telling about some scheme he wanted carried out upon the estate.

"Won't you send for Uncle Hervey," Dick said gravely, "or for my aunt?"

"Time enough, time enough," the other answered. "They make such a talking. I want to put matters straight first. I've got Baxter coming here this afternoon."

Mr. Baxter was the family attorney. Dick had for the minute forgotten all about what he had come intending to say. Now he looked in the fire, and suddenly told himself that if he had to tell his uncle what had been on his mind all these last months, the sooner it was done the better. But now, at such a crisis—it was an impossibility.

So the two sat by the fire in the waning light of the short autumn day. The night was near at hand, Dick thought. There was a ring at the bell, and some one came in from the hall. It was not the lawyer, but Dr. Hickson again, and it seemed like a reprieve to the young man to have a few minutes longer to make up his mind. He followed the doctor out into the hall. His grave face was not reassuring. Dick could see it by the light of the old lattice-window.

"Tell me honestly," he said, "what you think of my uncle's state. 'I never even heard he was ill till this morning.'"

"My dear Mr. Richard," said Dr. Hickson, "we must hope for the best. Dr. de M—— agreed with me in considering the case very serious. I cannot take upon myself to disguise this from you. Your uncle himself has but little idea of recovering; his mind is as yet wonderfully clear and collected . . . and there may be little change for weeks, but I should advise you to see that any arrangements . . . Dear me! dear me!"

The little overworked doctor hurried down the steps and rode away, all out of spirits, and leaving scant comfort behind him. He was thinking of all that there was to make life easy and prosperous in that big, well-ordered house, and of his own little struggling home, with his poor Polly and her six babies, who would have scarcely enough to put bread in their mouths if he were to be taken. He was thinking that it was a lonely ending to a lonely life; with only interested people watchers, waiting by

the old man's death-bed. Dr. Hickson scarcely did justice to Dick, who had spoken in his usual quiet manner, who had made no professions, but who was pacing up and down the gravel sweep, backwards and forwards and round and round, bareheaded, in the chill dark, not thinking of inheritance or money, but only of the kind, forbearing benefactor to whom he owed so much, and towards whom he felt like a traitor in his heart.

He went back into the morning-room, where Mundy had lighted some candles, and he forced himself to look hopeful, but he nearly broke down when Charles began saying in his faint, cheerful voice, "I've made a most unjust will. Baxter is bringing it for me to sign this evening. I have left almost everything to a scapegrace nephew of mine, who will, I'm afraid, never make a fortune for himself. Shall I throw in the Gainsborough?" he added, nodding at the lady who was smiling as usual out of her frame. "You will appreciate her some day." There was a moment's silence. Dick flushed up, and the veins of his temples began to throb, and a sort of cloud came before his eyes. He must speak. He could not let his uncle do this, when, if he knew all, he would for certain feel and act so differently. He tried to thank him, but the words were too hard to speak. He would have given much to keep silence, but he could not somehow. Charles wondered at his agitation, and watched him moving uneasily. Suddenly he burst out.

"Uncle Charles," said Dick at last, with a sort of choke for breath, "don't ask why; leave me nothing—except—except the Gainsborough, if you will. I mustn't take your money . . ."

"What the devil do you mean?" said the old man, frightened, and yet trying to laugh. "What have you been doing?"

"I've done no wrong," Dick said, looking up, with the truth in his honest eyes, and speaking very quick. "I don't want to bother you now. I want to do something you might not approve. I had come down to tell you, and I couldn't let you make your will without warning . . ."

The young fellow had turned quite pale, but the horrible moment was past, the temptation to silence was overcome. In all Dick's life this was one of the hardest straits he ever encountered. It was not the money; covetousness was not one of his faults, but he said to himself that he should have sacrificed faith, honour, anything, everything, sooner than have had the cruelty to inflict one pang at such a time. But

the next instant something told him he had done right; he saw that a very gentle, tender look had come into the old man's eyes as he leant back in his chair.

"I suppose you are going to get married," Charles said, faintly, "and that is the meaning of all this? Well," he went on, recovering peevishly, "why the deuce don't you go on, sir?"

This little return of the old manner made it easier for the young man to speak. "I've promised to marry a woman; I love her, and that is my secret," he said, still speaking very quickly. "I'm not quite crazy; she is educated and good, and very beautiful, but she is only a farmer's daughter at Tracy. Her mother was a lady, and her name is Reine Chrétien."

Dick, having spoken, sat staring at the fire.

"And — and you mean to establish that — this farmer's daughter here as soon as . . ." Charles, trembling very much, tried to get up from his chair, and sank down again.

"You know I don't," said Dick, with a sad voice, "or I should not have told you."

Then there was another silence.

"I — I can't bear much agitation," Charles said at last, while a faint colour came into his cheeks. "Let us talk of something else. Is the paper come yet? Ring the bell and ask."

The paper had come, and Dick read out column after column, scarcely attending to the meaning of one word before him. And yet all the strange every-day life rushing into the sick room jarred horribly upon his nerves. Records of speeches and meetings, and crime, and advertisements — all the busy stir and roar of the world seemed stamped upon the sheet before him. His own love and interest and future seemed part of this unquiet tide of life; while the old man sat waiting in his big chair, away from it all; and the fire burnt quietly, lighting up the room, and outside the white mist was lying upon the trees and the gardens.

At last Dick saw, to his great relief, that his uncle had fallen asleep, and then he gently got up from his chair, and went and looked out at the twilight lawn. He thought of the picnic, and all the figures under the trees; he could not face the present, his mind turned and shifted, as people's minds do in the presence of great realities.

"Dick!" cried the old man, waking anxiously, "are you there? Don't leave me. I shall be more comfortable in bed. Call Mundy and help me up."

They had to carry him almost up the old-fashioned wooden flight.

Richard Butler dined alone in the great dismal dining-room, and while he was at dinner Mundy told him the lawyer had come. "Mr. Butler desired me to open a bottle of his best claret for you, sir," said Mundy; "he wishes to see you again after dinner. Mr. Baxter is with him now."

The lawyer had not left when Dick came into the room. He was tying red tape round long folded slips of paper and parchment. Old Charles was in his old-fashioned four-post bed, with the ancient chintz hangings, upon which wonderful patterns of dragons and phoenixes had been stamped. Dick had often wondered at these awful scrolled figures when he was a child; he used to think they were horrible dreams which had got fastened upon the curtains somehow. Charles was sitting upright in the middle of it all; he had shrunk away and looked very small.

"I'm more comfortable up here," the old man said. "I've been talking to Mr. Baxter about this business of yours, Dick. 'It's lucky for you sir, it didn't happen a year ago — isn't it, Baxter?'"

"Your uncle shows great trust in you, Mr. Butler," the attorney said. "There are not many like him who . . ."

"You see, Dick, one thing now is very much the same as another to me," interrupted the master of Lambswold. "It seems a risk to run, but that is your lookout, as you say, and I should have known nothing about it if you had not told me. If in another year's time you have not changed your mind . . . Mr. Baxter has provided, as you will find. I have experienced a great many blessings in my life," he said in an altered tone — "a very great many. I don't think I have been as thankful as I might have been for them, and — and — I should like you, too, to have some one you care for by your bedside when Lambswold changes masters again," Charles Butler said, holding out his kind old hand once more. "I was very fond of your mother, Dick."

Dick's answer was very incoherent, but his uncle understood him. Only the old man felt a doubt as to the young man's stability of purpose, and once more spoke of the twelve months which he desired should elapse before the marriage was publicly announced; he asked him to say nothing for the present. He owned with a faint smile that he did not want discussion.

Of course Dick promised; and then he wrote to Reine, and told her of the condition and of the kind old uncle's consent.

Twelve months seemed but a very little while to Dick, faithful and busy with a prosperous lifetime opening before him. As

days went on his uncle rallied a little; but he knew that this improvement could not continue, and of course he was not able to get away. He often wrote to Reine, and in a few simple words he would tell her of his gratitude to his uncle, and of his happiness in the thought of sharing his future, whatever it might be, with her. "Although heaven knows," he said, "how sincerely I pray that this succession may be put off for years; for you, my Reine, do not care for these things, and will take me, I think, without a farthing."

But a year to Reine was a long weary time of suspense to look forward to. She found the strain very great; the doubts which returned for all her efforts against them, the terror of what might be in store. She loved Dick as she hated his surroundings, and sometimes she almost feared that her love was not worthy of his, and sometimes the foolish, impatient woman would cry out to herself that it was he who wanted to be set free.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

It had required all Fontaine's persuasion, backed by the prestige of his municipal authority, to persuade Justine to open the drawing-room shutters, and allow Catherine to use that long-abandoned territory. With many mumbles and grumbings and rumblings of furniture the innovation had been achieved a few days before Madame M  rard's return; Monsieur Fontaine himself assisting in most of the work, or it never would have been accomplished. He was not the man to do things by halves. Catherine wished for a drawing-room and a piano; — poor L  onie's instrument was standing there, it is true, but cracked and jarred, and with a faded front. Soon a piece of bright new red silk replaced the sickly green, the rosewood complexion was polished to a brilliant brown by the indefatigable master of the house; he would have tuned it if he could, but this was beyond his powers, and the organist was mysteriously brought in by a back-door, while Toto was desired to detain Catherine on the terrace until a preconcerted signal should announce that all was ready for her to be brought in, in triumph. Monsieur le Maire was delighted. He led her in with both hands, and then stepped back to contemplate the result of his labours. "Now we shall have music," he said. "Come, Catherine! place yourself at the piano. An-

other day, perhaps I myself" Catherine looked up with her dark grateful eyes, and began to play as she was bid.

Monsieur Fontaine contented himself at first by beating time to his wife's performance, with great spirit and accuracy; but one evening, somewhat to her dismay, he produced a cornet, which he had disinterred from its green-baize sarcophagus and rubbed up during office hours. He had practised upon it in his early youth, and he now amused himself by accompanying the movements of Catherine's gentle little fingers with sudden sounds, somewhat uncertain perhaps, but often very loud. Justine sulkily called it a "vacarme," as she banged the kitchen door. Passers-by, driving their cows or plodding home with their fish-baskets, stopped outside astonished, to ask what it could be. The old cider-bibbers at P  lottier's could hear the rich notes when the wind blew in that direction. Poor Madame Fontaine herself burst out laughing, and put her hands up to her ears the first time she heard her husband's music; but Monsieur le Maire instantly stopped short, and looked so pained and disappointed that she begged him to go on and immediately began to play again. Only she took care afterwards to select the calmest and the most pastoral and least impassioned music in her repertory. When she came to passages marked *con espressione* or with *arpeggios*, or when she saw *fff*'s looming appallingly in the distance, she would set her teeth and brace up her courage for the onslaught. By degrees, however, Fontaine's first ardour toned down, or Catherine's nerves grew stronger. Toto thought it great fun, only he wished they would play polkas and waltzes, as he stood leaning against the piano with his round eyes fixed upon Catherine's face. People almost always look their best when they are making music; how often one sees quite plain and uninteresting faces kindle with sweet sound into an unconscious harmony of expression. Catherine was no great performer, but she played with feeling and precision. There always was a charm about her, which it would be difficult to define, and now especially, with her dark head bent a little forward to where the light fell upon her music-book, she would have made a lovely little study — for Dick Butler, let us say. "A woman set to Music" it might have been called; she felt nothing but a harmony of sound at such a time, except, indeed, when the cornet burst in with a wrong note. Monsieur Fontaine, between the intervals of his own performance, liked

to look at her proudly and admiringly. Any stranger coming in would have thought it a pretty picture of a family group, and carried away the pleasant image.

Justine was not so easily taken in. Having banged her door, she would shrug her shoulders down in her kitchen below; she could bide her time. Madame M  rard was coming. *She* was not fond of music any more than Justine.

Fontaine felt as if some guilty secret was buried in his bosom, when for the first two nights after the old people's arrival, he tried to make excuses for remaining downstairs in the dining-room, and was glad that Catherine retired early with a headache. Justin   said nothing. She left everybody to make their own discoveries. These would not be long about, she knew; for Madame M  rard's fierce little eyes went poking here and there, with a leisurely yet unceasing scrutiny.

It was Madame M  rard who had educated Justine, placed her in Fontaine's kitchen, and desired her to remain there; and the invaluable servant had accordingly for years past done her best to make his life miserable, his soup and his coffee clear, strong, and well-flavoured. She did many other things — washed, scrubbed, marketed, waited at table, put Toto to bed — no easy matter. She would go about with the air of a sulky martyr, working miracles against her will. Madame de Tracy, with all her household, was not so well served as Fontaine, with this terrible ewe-lamb of his.

Madame M  rard was the only person who ventured to drive this alarming creature; but then, to judge from the old lady's conversation, she seemed gifted with a sort of second sight. She could see through cupboard doors, into the inside of barrels; she could overhear conversation five miles off, or the day after to-morrow. Madame Nicholas must have been nearly demented when she tried to palm off her Tuesday's eggs upon her last Friday. Justine herself never attempted to impose upon this mistress mind, and would take from her, in plain language, what the maire, with all his official dignity, would never have ventured to hint.

At Madame M  rard's own suggestion and Justine's a girl from 'the village' had lately been added on to the establishment. A girl? a succession of girls rather. They would come up in their Sunday-clothes, smiling and cheerful, bobbing curtsies, to the M  rards, to Toto, to Monsieur, to Madame, to the all-powerful Justine, anxious for employment and willing to do their

best. And then they would immediately begin to perish away, little by little: smiles would fade, the colour go out of their cheeks, and one day at last they would disappear and never be heard of any more. Justine the Terrible had claws, and a long tongue, and a heavy hand: she did not drive them over the cliff, but she sent them home in tears to their mothers. Fontaine used to try to interfere in the behalf of these victims, but it was in vain. Catherine made a desperate sally once into the kitchen; she was routed ignominiously by Madame M  rard, who would be superintending the punishment.

"Why don't you send Justine away?" Catherine said to her husband one morning after one of these scenes.

"My dear, you do not think of what you are saying! It is not from you, my dear Catherine, that I should have expected such a proposition." And Fontaine, who had interrupted his hammering for an instant, shocked at the bold proposal, resumed his occupation.

Madame M  rard had observed one or two notes calling for remark in the last arrival's goggle blue eyes, and she went stumping downstairs early one morning for a little consultation in the kitchen before breakfast. The old lady in her morning costume, and short jacket or camisole, and stiff starched cap, and slippers, managed to look quite as formidable as she did later in the day. Her mustachios seemed to curl more fiercely, unrelieved by the contrast of a varied and brilliant toilette; her little even white teeth, with which she could crack a whole plateful of nuts, seemed to gleam beneath the mustachios. Madame M  rard was surprised to see that the drawing-room door was open as she passed; still more aghast was she when she looked in and perceived the shutters unclosed, the little bits of rug spread out here and there upon the floor, the furniture standing on its legs, instead of being piled up in a heap, the piano dragged out from its dark recess into a convenient angle for playing. . . .

What was the meaning of all this? What madness did it denote? Were they going to give an evening party? Had they given one without her knowledge? The old lady trotted up to the piano, — her own daughter's piano, — magnificently done up, with music piled upon the top! She looked round and saw a window open, a cup with flowers in the window, and a work-basket and writing materials upon the table. . . . The light began to dawn upon her. What! did they make a common sitting-room of

Léonie's state drawing-room, which was never made use of in her lifetime except on the occasion of Toto's christening, and once when a ball was given which Madame Mérard herself had opened? Oh, it could not be! it was impossible! But as she was still staring, bewildered, the door opened, and Catherine came in, looking quite at home, bringing some more leaves and betries from her winter-garden, and looking as if she was quite used to the place and sat in it every hour of the day.

"Good-morning," said Madame Fontaine, in her gentle, cheerful way, unconscious of the sword hanging over her head. "I think breakfast is on the table."

"Indeed!" said Madame Mérard. "I am looking in surprise, madame. I was not aware of the changes which had taken place during my absence."

"Monsieur Fontaine was kind enough to get the piano tuned for me," said Catherine, "and I asked him to let me use this room. It has such a pleasant look-out." And still provokingly unconcerned she put her leaves into the flower-cup, and began putting her writing things together.

"And you are not afraid, madame, of the damage which may befall this handsome furniture, for which my daughter paid so large a sum?" cried the old lady, in a voice of suppressed thunder. "She took care of it, but you, no doubt, not having contributed anything, can afford" . . .

Catherine looked up frightened, and was shocked by the angry gleam she encountered; Madame Mérard looked stiff with indignation.

"You have, without doubt, madame, engaged servants in abundance to attend to your various wants?" she went on quivering. "We quiet people must seem to you very contemptible as you sit in your elegant drawing-room. Pray, do you intend to receive your fine friends here, in the apartment upon which my poor Léonie bestowed so much care and expense? Ah! there are only English capable of such baseness."

Madame Mérard stopped, much satisfied, for Catherine had turned pale, and then looking round, and seeing Fontaine standing in the doorway, the silly little thing ran up to him and burst out crying.

"Poor child!" he said, very tenderly. "Go, go. I will explain to my good mother; she does not understand; perhaps a little *eau sucrée*. . . Try it, *mon amie*. We will follow immediately."

This was the first encounter between

these very unequal opponents. Fontaine was so humble and affectionate that he presently brought the old lady down to breakfast almost mollified. She was really fond of him, and when he made a personal request and talked of the rest after his mental occupations, the diversion and repose the pursuit of music gave him, she reluctantly consented, with a pinch of snuff, to the innovation. It was not the only one.

At one time Madame Mérard suddenly became quite affectionate in her manners. This was soon after her arrival, when M. le Curé was a great deal at the house. He also treated Catherine with great kindness, and called her *mon enfant*. Old Mérard would dispose himself for sleep during these visits, and Monsieur le Curé and Madame Mérard would enter into long and pointed conversations upon the subject of their common faith. Monsieur le Curé would produce little brown books from his ample pockets, with the pictures of bishops, and fathers and mothers, and agonizing saints upon their narrow pallets; and from one sign and another Madame Fontaine guessed that the time had come when it was considered fitting for her to prepare to go over to the religion of the strangers among whom she lived. She would look at the two sitting in the window, Madame Mérard taking snuff as she listened, the curé with his long brown nose, and all the little buttons down his shabby frock, and his heavy black legs crossed and his thick fingers distended as he talked. The Abbé Verdier was a gentleman, and once Catherine might have been willing to be gently converted by him to a faith which had at all times a great attraction for this little heretic; but now to be dragged over by main force, by the muscular curé, to the religion of Madame Mérard—never, never. Fontaine used to look in sometimes and retire immediately on tiptoe when the curé was there. The maire had promised before his marriage not to interfere with his wife's religious opinions—but all the same he did not wish to disturb the good work by any inopportune creaking noises. When Catherine was younger, before she had gone through a certain experience which comes to most people, her conversion might have been possible, and even likely; but now it was too late. From inner causes working silently, and from outer adverse influence a change had come over her; she could no longer accept new beliefs and creeds, and vivid emotions which she could not even realize, they seemed so distant. She could only cling with a loving persistence to the

things of the past, which were still her own and part of her own old life.

The curé was a clever man, although bigoted, and unlike the abbé in his gentle charity and sympathy even for heretics; after a time he ceased importuning, and only snubbed Madame Fontaine, Madame Mérard scowled afresh; Justine, who had also temporarily suspended hostilities, banged her door in disgust, and took care for many weeks to iron Madame Fontaine's fine things all crooked and on the wrong side. Monsieur le Maire was grievously disappointed, but he said nothing, and only seemed if possible, more tender, more gentle and anxious to make his wife happy.

It was on this occasion that Madame Mérard was at least relieved from another special grief which she cherished against Catherine. One Protestant impoverished Englishwoman in the family was bad enough; but the contemplated arrival of two more at Christmas, their admission into the chalet built with Léoni's money, furnished with her taste, — oh, it was not to be endured. The very thought had to be chased away with much snuff, and many waving of the big check handkerchief. The poor little girls, however, escaped the exorcisms to which they would doubtless have been subject if they had arrived, for Lady Farebrother, taking alarm at some chance expressions in Catherine's letters, wrote in her flowing capitals to tell her that she felt she would not be justified in exposing Rosa and Totty to the insidious and poisoned influences of Jesuitism, and that, acting upon Mr. Bland's suggestion, she had determined to make other arrangements for the children during the holidays. And poor Catherine, her eyes filled up with bitter tears as she read the heart-broken little scrawls enclosed in her aunt's more elaborate epistle. And yet she could scarcely have borne to see *them* unkindly treated. For herself she did not care. She looked upon it as an expiation in some sort. Often and often she felt ashamed and guilty as she caught the maire's kind and admiring glance. So much affection and devotion deserved some better return than the grateful toleration which was all she had to give. A little patience, a few small services, — this was all she could pay towards that vast debt she owed him. As she began to love her husband a little, she found out how little it was. She ought never to have married him. She knew it now, although, at the time in her agitation and excitement she had fancied that she could at will forget where she would: love where she should;

and that by flinging away a poor faded rose she could cast from her all memory of the time when it was sweet and red. Alas, the wrong was done, and could not be undone. She could only do her best now, and repair as much as it lay in her power, by patient effort, the harm one moment's weakness had brought about.

Catherine's gentleness maddened the old lady, who was afraid her victim would escape her by sheer obedience and sweetness. Why didn't she laugh and make jokes? Why didn't she get angry? Why was she so indifferent? Even when she gained four tricks running the night before, she did not seem to care. The elegant veil Fontaine presented to her might have been imitation for all the pains she took, wearing it out in the garden with no one to see. If Catherine had only scolded and worried and complained of migraine, and lived with her husband in a way Madame Mérard could understand, she might in time have got to like her, but all this good temper was insupportable.

The time passed on. The people at Petitport heard but little from without. The Tracys were still at Paris — Charles Butler lingered still, although the poison in his system had already attacked some vital organ. It was a long sad watch for Dick. In the beginning of the winter, at Charles Butler's own request, Catherine Butler had been married quite quietly to Beamish. The news of the marriage came across the sea to Catherine Fontaine, but it all seemed very distant and hard to realize.

As the winter went on the people in the cottage lit larger fires in the deep chimneys, and huddled round the blaze. The winds seemed to shake the very foundations of the wooden house, and the maire anxiously inspected his embankment against the expected onslaught of the early spring-tides. Outside the Chalet there was cold, and drift, and storm, and low mists came rolling over the fields and along the edges of the cliffs; inside, fires of wood and charcoal were burning, stew-pots simmering on the hob, and the daily pendulum of life swang on monotonously. Old Mérard's taper burnt with a quiet flicker as he warmed himself in his chimney corner. Madame Mérard's light blazed, and hissed, and spluttered; it was not set under a bushel; nor was Justine's, as she sat below darning away the long winter evenings, while Fontaine busily rapped, tapped, conversed, practised his cornet, settled his accounts, came and went, cheerfully humming little snatches from operas, or with alacrity joined the inevita-

ble *partie*. That horrible greasy pack of cards which was brought out every afternoon inspired poor Catherine with a morbid feeling of disgust that would have been absurd if she had not struggled so hard against it. When they all noisily insisted that she must join them, she would put down her book in silence and come to the table. No one noticed the weary look in her dark eyes, or would have understood it any more than did the knaves of clubs and spades, with the thumb marks across their legs, staring at her with their goggle eyes. Sometimes thinking of other things as the hours went on, she would forget and hold the cards so loosely that old M  rard, in his odd little piping voice, would cry out, "Take care! take care! What are you about?" and then Catherine would start and blush, and try to be more careful. Little Madame Fontaine's lamp, although she was somewhat dazzled by the light as she tried with a trembling, unaccustomed hand to trim the wick, was burning more brightly now perhaps than it had ever done in all her life before; and yet she might have told you, (only that she found it difficult to speak), she had never thought so hardly of herself, never felt so ashamed, so sorry for all that she had done amiss. Fontaine must have sometimes had a dim suspicion that his wife was tired, as she drooped over the cards, for he would send her to the piano, while he dealt the cards to the elders and to himself, and the dummy that replaced her, to the sound of Catherine's music. The shabby kings and queens performing their nightly dance, circled round and round and in and out in the country-dance which mortals call whist, and kept unconscious time to the measure. The lamp would spread its green light, the blue flames of the wood fire would sparkle and crackle, old M  rard, in his velvet cap with the long hanging tassels, would unconsciously whistle a little accompaniment to the music as he pondered over his trumps, and Fontaine would beat time with his foot under the table; as for Madame M  rard, erect and preoccupied, she avoided as much as possible listening to the sounds which distracted her, for the flick of her cards falling upon the table was the music she loved best to hear.

One night Madame Fontaine suddenly ceased playing, and went and looked out through the unshuttered window. Handfuls of stars were scattered in the sky. There was the sound of the distant sea washing against the bastions of the terrace. The moon had not yet risen; the narrow garden paths glimmered in the darkness; except

where two long rays of light from the window lit up every pebble and blade of grass, elsewhere shadows were heaping, and the great cliff rose black purple before the sky. Catherine looking out saw some one coming through the gloom and stop at the gate and open it, and she recognized Reine by the quick movement.

"Knave of trumps," said Madame M  rard, triumphantly, as Madame Fontaine stepped gently out of the room, and went out to meet her friend. The two women stood in the doorway talking in low tones, which seemed to suit the silence; they could scarcely see each other's face, only Reine's white flaps streamed in the shadow; her voice shook a little as she spoke, and her hand was trembling in Catherine's soft warm fingers. Poor Reine, she had come to Catherine in a sad and troubled mood. She had received a sad hurried word from Dick to tell her all was over at last: that there was confusion and stir now in the house of which he was virtually the master. Mr. Baxter had untied his red tapes, and read the will by which it was left to him. Dick was not to take actual possession for a year, during which the income was to be applied to keeping up the estate as usual, and to succession expenses. Only a small sum was apportioned to Dick himself until he came into the property. And for the present their engagement was still to be secret. And poor Reine, in her perplexity, had written back to offer to set him free. "He ought to marry a great lady now," she said. It was not fitting that she should be his wife. His prospect of succession gave her no pleasure; on the contrary it seemed to put them more widely asunder. A great house! she liked her brick-floored room better than any splendid apartment in a palace. Her cotton curtains and quilt with the stamped blue pictures from the life of Joan of Arc were more familiar to her than down and damask and quilting. Better than any carpeted flight to her was the old stone staircase leading to her bedroom, built without shelter against the outside wall of the house; she went up to bed in the rain, sometimes with the roar of the sea booming on the wind from a distance; sometimes she sat down on the steps on still nights when the stars were shining over the horizon, and thought of Richard Butler, and looked and wondered and felt at peace. But in the daylight she was unquiet and restless. She came and went, and worked harder than ever before. Petitp  re remonstrated with her and told her she could afford to spare herself. He did not know how things were

going, but he had a shrewd suspicion. Reine said no, she could not spare herself, she must go on working for the present. And now she came half-crying to Catherine. "I hate the secrecy," she said: "it is not fair upon me. If I were one of them they would not treat me so."

Only yesterday Madame Pélotier had spoken to her in a way she could not misunderstand about people who set their caps so high that they tumbled off; some one else had laughed and asked her what she thought of Mr. Butler's great fortune; Petitpère, too, who so rarely interfered, had rubbed his old chin, and told her that he heard from Barbeau, Monsieur Richard's visits at the farm had been remarked upon. Petitpère warned Reine to be careful if she saw him again, — people might chatter.

"It is my grandfather himself and Père Barbeau who chatter," said Reine. "They do not know what harm they do me. This morning only I met M. de Tracy and his wife. Did you not know they were come back? Catherine, they looked at me strangely."

Catherine laughed. "Dear Reine, you fancy things."

"I am ridiculous, and I know it; ridiculous as well as unhappy. Oh, if he loved me he would not make me so unhappy."

Catherine felt a little frightened when she heard Reine say this. As a little drift upon the darkness, she seemed to see her own story — that poor little humble, hopeless love, flitting before her; and then she thought of Dick, kind and gay and loyal and unsuspecting: of his fidelity there was no doubt.

"Ah, Reine," she said, almost involuntary, "he is too kind to do anything willingly to make you unhappy. I sometimes think," she said, speaking quickly, and frightened at her own temerity, "that you scarcely know what a prize you have gained. Mr. Butler makes no professions, but he is true as steel; he never speaks a harsh word nor thinks an ungenerous thought." How could he help this promise if his dying uncle asked for it? "It seems so hard," she went on, with suppressed emotion, "to see those who have for their very own the things others would have once given their whole lives to possess, doubting, unhappy . . ."

She stopped short: there was a sound, a window opening overhead, and Fontaine's voice cried out, "Catherine! where are you, imprudent child?"

Catherine only answered quickly, "Yes, mon ami, I am coming. . . ." Long afterwards she used to hear the voice calling,

sometimes although at the moment she scarcely heeded it. "Reine, you are not angry?" she said.

"Angry; no, indeed," said Reine, her soft, pathetic tones thrilling through the darkness. "One other thing I came to tell you. I shall go into retreat on Wednesday. Will you go up and visit Petitpère one day during my absence?"

"Oh, Reine, are you really going," said Catherine, to whom it seemed a terrible determination.

Reine thought little of it. She had been before with her mother to the convent of the Augustines at Caen. Impatient, sick at heart, vexed with herself, the girl longed for a few days of rest and prayer in a place where the rumours and anxieties of the world would only reach her as if from a far distance. In Reine Chrétien's class the proceeding is not common, but grand ladies not unfrequently escape in this fashion from the toil and penalty of the world. Madame Jean de Tracy herself had once retired for a few days, without much result. The nuns put up a muslin toilet-table in her cell, and made her welcome, but she left sooner than had been expected. The air disagreed with her, she said.

Marthe was now in this very convent commencing her novitiate. She had entered soon after Catherine's marriage. Jean, who had seen her, said she was looking well, and more beautiful than ever. The air did not disagree with her. Before long Madame de Tracy and Madame Mère returned to the château, with Barbe and all the servants in deep mourning: the last sad news had reached them at Paris of Charles Butler's death. Madame de Tracy bustled down to see Catherine in her new home; she was very kind, and cried a good deal when she spoke of her brother, and asked many questions and embraced Catherine very often. She did not pay a long visit, and having fluttered off and on her many wraps, departed, desiring madame to be sure to come constantly to see her. Catherine was glad to go; it made a break in the monotony of her life.

CHAPTER XVII.

M. AND N.

ALL the autumn blaze of dahlias and marguerites in front of the little chalet had been put out by the wintry rains and winds, only the shutters looked as brilliantly green as ever, and the little weathercocks

were twirling cheerfully upon the tall iron spikes, when Dick came walking up to the châtlet one February morning about twelve o'clock. He rang the bell. Madame Méraud saw him through the dining-room window, and called to Justine to let the gentleman in.

"Monsieur was not at home," Justine said. "Madame Fontaine was on the terrace. Would he like to see Madame Méraud?"

Dick hastily replied that he would try and find Madame Fontaine, and he strode off in the direction Justine indicated.

"You cannot lose your way," she said, as she went back to her kitchen, well pleased to escape so easily, and the dining-room door opened to invite the gentleman in just as he had disappeared round the corner of the house.

As Dick went walking down the little slopes which led from terrace to terrace, he took in at a glance the look of Catherine's life and the sound of it, the many-voiced sea with its flashing lights, the distant village on the jutting promontory, Petitport close at hand with its cheerful sounds, its market-place and echoes, the hammer of the forge, the dogs barking on the cliff, the distant crow of cocks. The sun was shining in his eyes, so that it was Toto who saw Dick first and came running up hastily from the cabane, calling to his stepmother. Then Catherine appeared with a glow upon her cheeks, for the morning air was fresh and delightful.

The two met very quietly. A gentleman in mourning took off his hat, a lady in a scarlet hood came up and held out her hand. As she did so Catherine thought she was holding out her hand across a great gulf. Heaven had been merciful to her, and she was safe, standing on the other side. Now that she saw him again she knew that she was safe. This was the moment she had secretly dreaded and trembled to contemplate, and it was not very terrible after all.

"I am sorry my husband is out," said Catherine, after she had asked him when he had come, and heard that the Beamishes had crossed with him the day before and wanted to see her again. We all talk a sort of algebra now and then, as Catherine talked just now. The history of the past, the faith of the future, the pain, the hope, the efforts of her poor little life, its tremulous unknown quantities, were all expressed in these few common platitudes—"How do you do? I am glad to see you. My husband is not at home."

To all of which, indeed, Dick paid but

little heed, though he returned suitable answers. He was sorry to miss Fontaine, and yet he was glad to find her alone, he said. Something had vexed him, and, like Reine, he had come to Catherine for sympathy and advice. Only before he began upon his own concerns he looked at her. Now that the flush had faded he saw that Madame Fontaine was a little thin and worn; her eyes were bright as ever, but there was a touching tired look under the dropping eyelids which made him fear all was not well. And yet her manner was very sweet, cordial, and placid, like that of a happy woman. She seemed unaffectedly glad to see him, as indeed she was; and it was with an innocent womanly triumph that she felt she could welcome him in her own home for the first time. The time had come, she told herself, when she could hold out her hand and be of help to him, and show him how truly and sincerely she was his friend. It was all she had ever dared to hope for, and the time had come at last. Perhaps if she had been less humble, less single-minded and inexperienced in the ways of the world, she might have been more conscious, more careful, more afraid; but the fresh crisp winter sun was illuminating her world; everything seemed to speak to her of hope, promise, courage, and the dead thorn had ceased to wound.

"I was told to come here to find you," Dick said, after the first few words. "Madame Fontaine, I want you to tell me about Reine. I cannot understand it. I have just come from the farm; they tell me she is gone into a convent, she will not be at home for a week. What a folly is this?"

Catherine saw he was vexed, and she tried to describe to him the state of depression and anxiety in which Reine had come to her to tell her of her resolution. . . . "She had no idea you were coming," said Madame Fontaine.

"But what else could she expect?" said Dick. "She writes a miserable letter, poor dear. She proposes to give me up; she says I am cruel, and leave her here alone to bear all sorts of injurious suspicion and insult. Of course she must have known that this would bring me, and when I come I find her gone—vanished in the absurd way. Indeed, I wrote and told her to expect me; but I see the letter unopened at the farm." Dick whose faults were those of over-easiness, was now vexed and almost unreasonable. For one thing, he was angry with Reine for being unhappy. "Why will she always doubt and torture herself in this needless way? Why should she

mind the gossip of a few idiots? I want to see her, and hear from her that she does not mean all she says about throwing me over."

"Oh, indeed," said Madame Fontaine, "she does not mean it."

"It is a very little time to wait, and I could not help promising. My good old uncle has done everything for us," Butler went on; "she ought not to have been so over-sensitive when she knew it would all be set right."

Catherine wished he could have seen the girl; one look of her proud sweet eyes would have been more to the purpose than all her own gentle expostulations. They were walking slowly towards the house all this time when at a turn of the path, and coming from behind a bush, they met a short stumpy figure in a sun-bonnet. "I have not even told my husband your secret," Catherine was saying, and she stopped short, although she remembered afterwards that Madame M  rard spoke no English.

But Madame M  rard's little eyes could see, penetrate, transfix. Oh, it was not easy to blind Madame M  rard; she could see Catherine looking and talking earnestly to this unknown young man; she could see his expression as he replied to her appeal. Secret — surely Madame Fontaine had said secret. Oh! it was horrible. Madame M  rard knew enough English for that. Secret! could she have heard aright?

"I do not know this gentleman," said Madame M  rard, standing in the middle of the pathway on her two feet, and staring blankly.

"Let me present Mr. Butler," said Catherine gently, in French.

"Monsieur Fontaine is not at home," said Madame M  rard, still scowling and sniffing the sea breeze.

"Mr. Butler is coming again to-morrow to see him," said Catherine.

"Indeed," said the old lady.

If Madame M  rard could have had her way Dick would never have entered the cha  t again. What infatuation was it that prompted Madame Fontaine to ask him to dinner — to invite him — to press refreshment on him? Even old M  rard came out with some proposition. *Eau sucr  e*? One would think it flowed ready made from the sea. Happily she herself was there. No doubt her presence would prevent this young man from coming as often as he would otherwise have done. There was a secret flattery in this reflection.

But Dick was hardly out of the house when Madame M  rard began to speak her

mind. Perhaps it was an English custom for young women to invite strange gentlemen to dinner in their husband's absence. Oh, she required no explanation. She could see quite plainly for herself, only she confessed that it was what she herself would not have done; not now at her present age. In her time a wife could devote herself to the domestic hearth. Her husband's approbation was all that she desired. Now it seemed that excitement, dissipation, admiration, were indispensable. "Dinners in town," said the old lady, darkly, "music at home, expeditions, literature, correspondence, visits! . . ."

"Dear Madame M  rard," said Catherine, "I only go to Tracy."

"Hon! and is not that enough?" said Madame M  rard, angrily stirring something in a saucepan (it was the tisanne the devoted wife liked to administer to poor Monsieur M  rard, who secretly loathed the decoction. He was now sitting in the office to avoid the fumes). "Tracy! that abode of vanity and frivolity! Where else would you go?"

Tracy, in truth, was the secret mainspring of all Madame M  rard's indignation and jealousy. The cha  teau had never called upon the cha  t in L  onie's reign — never once. Madame M  rard herself was not invited, even now. But now since the family had returned notes and messages were for ever coming for this Englishwoman. Madame de Tracy had caught cold. Catherine must go down to see her in her bedroom. Madame de Tracy had bought a new bonnet, Catherine must give her opinion. Madame de Tracy could not disagree with any member of her household that Madame Fontaine was not sent for to listen to the story. And in truth, Catherine was so discreet, so silent and sympathetic, that she seemed created to play the r  le of confidante. The countess really loved the little woman. Poor Catherine! she sometimes thought that she would be glad to go no more to a place where she was so much made of, and so kindly treated. It seemed hard to come home and to compare the two. One place full of welcoming words of kindness and liberality; the other, narrow, chill, confined. And yet, here she had met with truest kindness, — thought the little creature — remembering all Fontaine's devotion and patient kindness. She was thinking of this now as she met the onslaught of the old lady, who went on with her attack, bombs flying, shells exploding, cannon going off, while the horrible steam of the saucepan seemed to choke and sicken the poor little enemy.

"Yes," cried the furious old lady. "If

you loved your husband, I could forgive you all! But you do not love him, and he knows it, and his life is destroyed. You have come into this peaceful circle with a heart elsewhere. You look upon us with contempt. You scorn our simple ways. Your fine friends come and insult me, and you secretly compare us with them and their powdered lacqueys. Ah! do you imagine that we do not know it, though you are so silent? Do you imagine that Charles is not aware of all that passes in your mind? He knows it, for I have told him. But he is loyal, and good, and tender, and he does not reproach you for having brought sorrow and disturbance into the chalet, formerly so peaceful.' And old M  rard banged the lid of the saucepan, and took a great flourish of snuff. Poor Catherine turned as pale as she had done once before, and gave a little cry and ran to the door. Fontaine was not there to make things smoother.

It was horrible, and what was most hard to bear was, that there was some truth in the angry old woman's reproach. How much truth Madame M  rard herself did not know. Catherine could not bear the house; it seemed to stifle her, the fumes of that choking stew seemed pursuing her. She pulled a cloak over her shoulders and took up her hood, and went out. Another time she might have been less moved. But, to-day, when she had met Dick again, when all her heart had been softened and stirred by memories of past emotions, these reproaches seemed to her to have a meaning they might not have had another time. Old M  rard nodded, and called to her through the office window, but Catherine shook her head with a gentle little movement and hurried out. This was what the sight of her old love had done for her. She had been glad at the time to see him once more, but now, when she thought of Fontaine, her heart seemed to die within her. Was he unhappy, and by her fault? What a weary maze the last few years had been! In an out, and round and about, she had wandered, hoping to go right, and coming out again and again at the same blank passage. And yet she had tried, Heaven knows she had tried, and prayed to be helped, and hoped for peace in time, and this was the end!—a good man's life embittered and destroyed,—had not his mother said so?—her own life saddened and wasted in hopeless endurance, when elsewhere, perhaps, a worthier fate might have been hers. What had she done, she thought, to be so tortured? She had got up on the cliff by this time. She was plucking the long stems of the poppies as she went along. She felt as if she, too, had

been torn up by some strong hand only to be flung away. She had been mad or she would never have taken this fatal step. And yet she had hoped for a peaceful home, and she had thought that her poor little sisters at least might have found a safe refuge, and now, by her own act, they were parted from her for ever perhaps.

With small strength of her own to bear with wrongs or to assert her rights, she was apt to cling to those about her, to rely on them, to leave her fate in their hands. She wished no harm to any mortal being, she could not say a harsh word, but she could fear, and shrink away, and wince and shriek with pain. The sensitive little frame could thrill with a terror and anguish unconceived by stronger and tougher organizations. It was not of Dick she was thinking, but of Fontaine all this time, and her remorse was all the greater because her heart was so true and so full of gratitude to him. She had left her fate in the hands of others, and this was what had come of it; a poor little heart crushed and half broken, another person dragged by her fault into sorrow and remorse, a deed done which could never, never, be undone. A crime! ah, was it indeed a crime which she had committed that could never be repented of? Was there no atonement possible—no pardon—no relenting of fate.

The colours were all a-glow still, for the sun was scarcely set; the red and blue and striped petticoats, and the white caps of the fish-wives down in Petitport jumbled up into bright, pretty combinations. The creeping grays and shades gave tone and softness to the pretty scene. Indoors the fires were flaring and crackling, and presently the church bell came ringing up the street in very sweet tinkling tones, calling the villagers to the *salut*, or evening service. The peaceful twilight prayers coming at the close of the day's work, seem to sanctify to silence the busy cares of the long noisy hours—to absolve, to tranquillize before the darkness of the night.

The bell tolled on—the cur   left his house and walked through his wild overgrown wilderness to the *vestiary*. Poor little Catherine, who had been sitting along the hedge of the great field, heard it too. She had walked till she was weary, then she had rested till her heart grew so sad that she could not sit still, and she jumped up again and walked to Arcy without stopping, and without purpose, and then came back along the cliffs and across into the fields. She was weary of pain, she felt as if she had no strength left to bear or even to suf-

fer or to repent,—she dragged on utterly worn and dispirited, holding one or two poppies in her hand still with the white drapery of her dress. Catherine was a delicate and orderly person, and she held up her dress with unconscious care, even when she was struggling in the Slough of Despond. It was indeed the Slough of Despond for her. A vision of the future came before her so utterly unendurable, with a struggle between right and duty and wrong, for which she felt herself so unfitted that she longed to lie down in the hard brown furrows of the field and die, and own herself vanquished, and give up the fight, and struggle no longer.

I think it was just then the bell began to toll. It seemed like a sudden sympathy and companionship and comfort to the poor thing. It turned her thoughts, it gave her some present object, for she began to walk in the direction of the church. She crossed the brook, along which the figures were coming, with the great glowing west at their backs. She turned up the quiet end of the village, and followed M. le Curé at a distance as he led the way through the back court of the church into which the vestry opened; and the side-door near the altar of St. Joseph was where the poor little heart-petition was offered up for strength and help and peace.

Catherine saw the people prostrate all about. She knew what passionate prayers some of them were praying. There was poor Thérèse Fournier, whose little girl was dying. There was Joseph Leroux, who had cruel trouble in his home; and then presently Madame Fontaine caught sight of some one kneeling on a low straw chair, and she recognized her husband, although his face was buried in his hands.

It was very quiet and solemn. Very few of us can come in to an evening service untouched or unsoftened. To many it is but the contrast of the daylight and the candles which make the scene impressive. But some of us must be content to be dazzled by a candle in this world, to measure the sun's light by a taper's flame. In this man's church and that man's, candles are shining at the high altar, which seem bright enough for a time: only when the service is over and the prayers are ended, shall we come out into the open air, and shall our eyes behold the fathomless waves of the mighty light of heaven.

Catherine, who was worn out and exhausted, sank into a chair in her dim corner, grateful for ease after her pain. She was no longer feeling much: a sort of calm had come after the storm. The priest's

voice ceased uttering, the choristers were silent, the service was ended, and people rose from their knees, took up their baskets and umbrellas—one old woman slung on her *hotte* again—and they all went away. Catherine mechanically tried to escape by the side-door through which she had entered. Her chief troubles in life had come from the timidity and want of courage and trust in herself. She did not know why she was flying from her husband now; from poor Fontaine, who also had been offering up his petitions. He prayed for his mother's rheumatism; he prayed for a blessing upon his wife and child; for Catherine's conversion and happiness; for a little more calm and repose at home in the chalet; for a little gaiety even, if possible. Fontaine did not like to ask for too much at once; and though one smiles at such a simple creed, it does not seem as if a humble petition for a calm and cheerful spirit was the worst means of attaining so good a thing. The maire jumped up quickly from his knees when the service was over, and unconsciously made for the same side-door through which his wife was escaping, and so it happened that the two came face to face.

"At last I find you!" he cried, as they both stepped out almost together on to the worn stone flight which led down by a few steps to the ground. Fontaine was almost inclined to believe in a miracle after all as he looked at his wife. They were a handsome couple, Mère Nanon thought, hobbling away with her great basket on her back. They stood looking at one another in the glow of the gloaming; the breeze came salt and fresh from the sea; the twilight was warm still, with brown and fading golden tints; the silver stars were coming out overhead. "Imagine my anxiety," said Fontaine. "I have been looking for you everywhere. I went home. Ma mère told me you were gone. You were not at the farm. I did not know what to do or where to search."

"I walked to Arcy," said Catherine, looking up with her dark wistful eyes. "Oh, Charles, I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy, dear?" said Fontaine.

"I am unhappy to think that through me you are unhappy," said the poor little woman. "Indeed and indeed I have tried to do my duty."

"Don't talk like this," said Fontaine. "You are a little angel, my Catherine. What has any one been saying to you?"

Poor little Catherine! Half in sobs, half in words, the explanation came; and with the explanation half her terrors vanished. Fontaine was a little puzzled. She

did not love him enough! — Why not? She would gladly love him more? Only now that he was so kind did she know how much he deserved to be loved. She had broken his heart. Madame M  rard said so. — It was a bewildering story. But he began to understand by degrees.

"Dear Catherine," Fontaine said at last, very sensibly, "I am many years older than you. I do not require a romantic affection: I want a good kind little wife to take a little care of me, and to like me a little. I am satisfied, more than satisfied. In my eyes there is no one to compare to you. Madame M  rard is a most excellent person, but impressionable; she does not mean always what she says. Do not be unhappy, my very dear friend; believe I am happy if you are, I ask for nothing else."

But before they reached home Catherine had told him why it was that Madame M  rard's reproaches had stung her so sharply.

"Do you remember one night when you asked me why I threw some dead flowers into the sea?" said Catherine. "I wanted to throw away the memory of my silly girlish fancies. Indeed it is true what I told you then — no one ever loved me but you; I have never spoken to any one of what I am speaking now. You are the only person in all the world who cared enough for me to give me a resting-place."

Fontaine begged her to leave off. He believed her and understood her perfectly. But Catherine could not stop, and as she poured forth her story, in her agitation and emotion poor Dick's secret escaped her somehow. "To-day Mr. Butler came to speak to me of something I have known ever since — ever since the summer. He and Reine are going to marry one another. Sometimes they have come to me to help them. Oh, Charles, I cannot help being glad to be his friend, and to help him when I can, even though I am your wife. But oh, what have I done? I ought not to have told you."

As they walked along many of the villagers wondered what Monsieur Fontaine and his wife were talking of so earnestly. They spoke of it afterwards, and Catherine, too, remembered that walk. They went along the dusky street — the little woman with dark eyes glowing beneath her scarlet hood. Fontaine looked very pale, for he was much affected by her confidence.

"I am profoundly touched," he said, "by the trust you repose in me. You shall see that I have entire confidence in you. The news you give me is surprising, but not utterly unexpected. At this moment I am too

much preoccupied to realize its great importance."

Candles were alight in the cha  t, the dinner-table was laid, and something was simmering on the hob. It was a tisane-de-th  , without any milk, which Madame M  rard was preparing as a conciliation treat for her daughter-in-law. The old lady had been alarmed by her long absence; she thought she had gone too far, perhaps, and was sincerely glad to see her come in safely with her husband.

"Coffee is good, and so is wine, and a little eau-de-carmes occasionally to fortify the stomachs," said old M  rard, in his little piping voice, after dinner; "but tea is worth nothing at all."

"Englishwomen like to destroy themselves with tea, Monsieur M  rard," said his wife, almost graciously for her.

While the little party at the cha  t discussed the merits of tea and eau-de-carmes — while Fontaine, always kind and gentle, seemed to try in a thousand ways to show his wife how happy he was, and how he loved her, and how unfounded her terrors had been — Dick waited impatiently at the cha  teau for Reine's return. Catherine Beamish smiled and chattered and brightened them all up with her sweet spirits and happiness. She enjoyed everything, insisted upon going everywhere, charmed every one. Ernestine was furious at being made to play a second. The very morning after all this agitation Mrs. Beamish sent a little note by the maire, who had been up there, to implore Catherine to join them immediately. They were all going sight-seeing to Bayeux, first to the museum, and then to Caen, to pay Marthe a visit in her convent; would Catherine please come too? She was longing to see her.

"I promised for you," said Fontaine. "I thought it would do you good to be with your friends. Madame de Tracy says you are looking ill," he added, looking anxiously at her.

"How kind you are to me, Charles," cried Catherine, delighted, and looking well on an instant, as she jumped up and upset all her bobbins and reels.

Fortunately for her, Monsieur and Madame M  rard were not present. When they came in from a short stroll to the fish-market Fontaine and Catherine had started. Toto told them that maman was going with the countess, and that she had got on her Indian shawl and her pretty rose-coloured bonnet.

"Grandmama, do you like rose-colour?" asked Toto.

"No, no, no, my child," said Madame M  rard, with a shudder.

From St James's Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO THE TABLE MOUNTAIN.

ON Christmas Eve of the year 1850 a party was formed on board the ship to which I was then attached, with the object of ascending the Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope.

Our ship had been cruising for several months on the station, and though the anchorage of the squadron was in Simon's Bay — some ninety miles distant from Table Bay — we had frequently visited the latter, and had made the acquaintance of the officers of the garrison, and several of the families of the merchants of Cape Town. We therefore easily persuaded three of the officers and five gentlemen of the colony to join our party, and, moreover, the entire party accepted the invitation of one of the latter to dine at his house on Christmas Day, after we had descended from the mountain.

We were very anxious that three or four ladies should join the party; and the latter seemed half inclined to do so: but it was Christmas time, company was expected at their houses, and they declined our pressing invitations — very luckily for themselves, as the sequel proved.

As everybody knows, Christmas falls at Midsummer in the Southern hemisphere, and the weather was very fine and delightful. Somewhat too sultry, perhaps, in the heat of the day; but we had arranged to set out before daylight, and hoped to reach the summit of the mountain in time to partake of a late breakfast, and as we did not intend to commence the descent until the afternoon, the heats of the mid-day would not trouble us. Indeed, we were told that we should find the atmosphere quite cool enough, and perhaps too cool, to be agreeable, on the summit of the mountain, and were advised to carry overcoats and wraps, with us, in case we should need them.

We, however, had no notion of encumbering ourselves with more clothing than was necessary; and we therefore declined this prudential advice. Our party consisted of twelve persons, all told, besides our attendants — viz., three seamen from the ship, and half-a-dozen Hottentots and Malays, who carried canvas and materials wherewith to erect a light tent, and baskets of eatables and drinkables of every variety, provided by our fair friends at Cape Town.

It happened that not one of our party had ever ascended the mountain, though

three of our friends from the town had lived for several years in the colony. We were therefore perfectly ignorant of the road, and were left to two of our attendants, a Malay and a Hottentot, who professed to have a correct knowledge of the mountain paths from having previously acted as guides.

We, from the ship in the Bay, slept on shore on Christmas Eve, and at five o'clock in the morning we joined the rest of our party, and set forth on our journey from the Cape Town Hotel.

Cape Town, with its wide streets laid out at right angles with each other, and lined on either side with trees, and watered by canals cut in the streets, and with its white-painted brick houses with flat red roofs and bright green blinds, resembles very much the towns in Holland, and this resemblance is increased by the number of Dutch signs, and by the frequent sound of the Dutch language heard in the streets. We, however, soon left Cape Town behind us, and entered the Mountain road, one of the pleasantest suburbs of the capital, and a favourite residence of the merchants, whose pretty villas and *last-houses* are scattered along both sides of the road to within a couple of miles of the base of the mountain.

The surrounding scenery is also very picturesque, by consequence of its variety, — gay gardens, covered with brilliant flowers intermingling with vineyards and green fields, extending as far as the eye can reach, while in the background rises the dark rugged mountain range of which the Table Mountain is the south-east extremity. To the eyes of Europeans, however, the landscape has a remarkable appearance, caused by the rocky and sandy patches of ground which are everywhere interspersed among the cultivated spots. The fields seem to be separated by small deserts, and the green turf is scattered and thin, and lacks the soft, velvety appearance of the turf so commonly met with in England.

We travelled on horseback, or rather, on the backs of ragged Cape ponies, while our attendants trudged after us on foot, or took turns to ride in the buffalo cart which conveyed our refreshments, &c., &c., as far as the base of the mountain, about nine miles from the town where we all had to alight, and leave ponies and buffalo cart at a farm near by, until our return from the summit. Before we commenced the ascent, however, we turned aside and visited the celebrated Constantia farm, celebrated for the luscious, sweet wine, known as Constantia. This farm, which is overshadowed by the moun-

tain, is of inconsiderable extent, and the quantity of wine it produces is therefore small, one reason perhaps wherefore it is so highly esteemed, and fetches so high a price in the market. The proprietor, or rather the manager, who lives on the farm, was, at the period of our visit, a Dutchman of the name of Boerhave. He took us over the farm, the soil of which is peculiar, and consists of a kind of decomposed sandstone, not to be met with elsewhere in the colony. To this is probably owing the superiority of the wine it produces, though something is due also to the great care that is taken of the vines, and throughout the whole process of making the wine. Probably if the same care was bestowed upon other vineyards — though they might not produce Constantia — the general reputation of South African wines would stand higher than it does.

After he had conducted us over the farm, Mr. Boerhave took us into his house, introduced us to his wife and daughters, and insisted, with true Dutch hospitality, upon our drinking each a glass of Constantia, and moreover presented us with four bottles that we might drink success to the Constantia farm on the summit of the mountain. When it is recollected that the wine is worth a guinea a bottle in the market, this was no trifling present.

Having bidden farewell to our hospitable temporary host, we hastened to rejoin our suite, who had waited for us at the base of the mountain. The sailors, and the Malays and Hottentots, then loaded themselves with the baskets of provisions and cooking utensils, and other commodities we had brought with us, and we forthwith commenced the ascent.

This, for awhile, was tolerably easy, and we kept pretty close together. The range of mountains, of which the Table Mountain is the loftiest, do not rise to any very considerable height, the summit of the Table Mountain being less than 4000 feet above the level of the sea; but the mountain sides are steep and rugged, as we very soon discovered, and there are numerous steep precipices beneath narrow ridges, a fall over which would be fatal.

In climbing mountains it is very difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, for a party to keep together. Some will climb with greater facility and rapidity than others, and it is natural that the best climbers should strive to beat their companions. When the ascent began to get steep and difficult, we directed the two men who had promised to act as guides, to go on slightly in advance of the party, and lead the way over the best and

safest paths. We soon found, however, that they knew little more of the mountain-paths than we did ourselves; and upon being sharply interrogated, one confessed that he had once set out with a party who had returned home before they began to ascend the mountain, because a storm threatened, and the other that he had climbed half way to the summit with a gentleman who had turned back because it came on to rain.

We were, therefore, left to choose our own paths, and as before we set out we had provided ourselves with bundles of little pieces of stick to which pieces of coloured ribbon was attached, those who went foremost and lost sight of their companions, stuck their sticks into the ground at intervals, to serve as a guide to those who came after them, and also to enable them to keep to the path when we should come to descend.

We found it utterly impossible to attempt anything like a direct ascent of the mountain. Every now and then vast perpendicular walls of cliff rose suddenly before us, and compelled us to make a circuitous route of sometimes half a mile, or more, and sometimes even slightly to descend again, before we could renew our ascent. In fact, we must have walked and climbed at least over four miles of ground in making the actual ascent of less than 4000 feet.

Some of our party soon began to feel weary; but their weariness was recompensed by the magnificent prospects that frequently burst suddenly upon them, and upon us all.

Suddenly, in making a sharp turn, we would see spread beneath us the distant town, and the numerous surrounding farms and vineyards, and country seats, while in the far distance lay the Bay, dotted with boats and shipping, and, further still stretched the sea, until the prospect was bounded by the blending of the water and the horizon. Then we were immediately surrounded by objects of interest. There were the deep, black precipices to which I have already alluded, down into which we gazed shudderingly, as we thought what would be the consequences of a false step and a fall into their dismal depths. Then there were flocks of monkeys, which skipped about us at a safe distance, seemingly half frightened and half curious, sometimes gathering together, and chattering as if they were questioning each other as to the cause of such an unwonted intrusion of strange animals into their exclusive domain. Now and then one of the ugly, clog-faced baboons of the Cape would make his appearance perched aloft on some inaccessible crag, and seem to grin defiance upon us; while above our heads,

appearing to float through the air, rather than to fly, we saw a Cape mountain eagle, or a vulture, seeking for its prey.

But above all other objects of interest were the beautiful flowers that grew in profusion around us. The Cape of Good Hope is celebrated for its magnificent flora. On every hand were flowers and plants that are to be found only in the hot and greenhouses of England. There were tulips of the most gorgeous colours, and other bulbs of great variety; geraniums of every species, and splendid specimens of the emarryllis, the iris, the ixia, and the gladiolus. One thing was wanting—few of the flowers of the Cape can boast of any perfume, as few of the birds can boast of song; and, after all, I am not sure that the perfume of the rose, the violet, the pink, the honeysuckle, and the numerous common flowers of the English hedgerows, as well as the sweet song of the sober-feathered thrush, and linnet, and skylark, are not preferable to the brilliant, scentless flora, and the silent, though gaudily-feathered birds of southern and eastern lands.

I have said that we set out at five a.m. At eight a.m. we commenced the ascent of the mountain, and at half-past ten a.m. a loud, joyous shout from the vanguard of our party announced the glad intelligence that they had reached the mountain summit. Others were not far behind, and in another quarter of an hour the laggards of the party joined their companions on the top of the Table Mountain.

The three seamen and the Malays and Hottentots had already been set to work. We stood on a level rocky plateau, and, as we had previously been informed, close to us were several pools—some so large that they might almost have been termed lakes, of pure, fresh, and delicious water. The atmosphere felt pleasantly cool to our bodies, heated by the hard work of climbing, and we dispensed with the erection of a tent. Some of the darkies set to work to light a fire from the furze which grew plentifully around, while others filled a kettle with water, and prepared frying pans and other culinary utensils for use. Yet others laid out the table, or rather spread the canvas of our tent on the bare rock, and prepared the several viands for the cooks. By eleven o'clock a capital breakfast was ready, of which we partook heartily, for we were all half famished with our long walk, and the arduous work of climbing the mountain.

When our party had breakfasted, we left the still abundant fragments of the feast for our attendants and followers, who were soon

busily at work, following the example we had set them, while we rose, and proceeded to view the scenery by which we were surrounded, at an elevation of 4000 feet above the sea.

In our rear, looking inland, there was nothing to be seen worthy of remark. The topography of Cape Colony is peculiar—the country consisting of three successive plateaus, increasing in elevation according to their distance from the sea, and separated from each other by three successive chains of mountains—viz., the *Lange Kloof*, or Long Pass, one extremity of which is known commonly as the Table Mountain; *Groote Zwartte Bergen*, or Great Black Mountain range, and the *Nieuwveldt Gebirgte*, or New Mountain chain. From the summit of the *Lange Kloof* the plateau slopes gradually and almost imperceptibly, until, at a distance of sixty miles inland, the *Groote Zwartte Bergen* rises to a height of more than 4000 feet, when the plateau again shelves imperceptibly, until it reaches the base of the *Nieuwveldt Gebirgte*, which rises to a greater height than either of the afore-mentioned ranges. These successive plateaus present a varied surface, large plains of sand, called *Karroos*, intermingling with patches of deep and fertile soil, well clothed with small arboreous plants, and in some places with forest-trees, while they abound with rivulets well filled with pure, clear water. Still, looking inland, the country had, to our eyes, a level, monotonous aspect; but when we directed our gaze seaward, the prospect amply repaid the toil of our journey.

Apparently almost directly beneath our feet, as if we could have leaped down into it, lay the town, some miles distant, and the bay, dotted with ships—every object dwindled to Lilliputian size, yet as distinctly visible as if painted on a map. Looking beyond these, and to the left, we could trace the lines and undulations of the coast, and distinguish the numerous coves and bays, and the narrow buffalo roads along the shore; while in the distance in our front and to our right, stretched the vast Atlantic Ocean, appearing, from the height at which we stood, as smooth as the surface of a mirror. The sun shone brightly, and the varied scenery was extremely beautiful and called forth the unbounded admiration of our entire party.

We had brought three or four fowling-pieces with us, and after we had feasted our eyes until they grew weary of gazing upon the fair sun-lit scene I have attempted to describe, we roamed over the plateau in search of game; but the birds were shy and

we were unable to bring anything down. At length we began to feel weary, and having chosen a spot, thickly covered with grass, whereon to sit down and rest, we proceeded to discuss some sandwiches we had brought with us, and to empty our bottles of Constantia.

When we had finished our lunch, we stretched ourselves at full length upon the soft, moss-like grass, and while some of our party dozed off to sleep, others chatted together about the party we were to join in the evening. Some amused themselves with rolling over and over on the soft sward, among the rest our first lieutenant; but while he was engaged in this intellectual amusement, he was very nearly coming to grief. Suddenly, to the amazement of one or two of the party who were watching him, he disappeared as if he had been swallowed up in the soil. A cry of alarm was immediately raised by those who had witnessed the officer's disappearance, and the entire party rushed to the spot where he had apparently suddenly sunk into the earth, those who had just started up from a doze, wondering what could be the matter.

No one could explain; but it was lucky for us all that just as we reached the spot where our companion had last been seen we heard his voice, calling to us for assistance, or otherwise, we might all have fallen into the cleft in the earth into which he had been precipitated, and all have perished together.

"I'm all right, boys! I'm all right!" we heard him cry, as if his voice came forth from the bowels of the earth; "only be cautious how you approach, for the sake of your lives; for I've tumbled into a deep hole of some sort."

We stopped short on hearing this warning cry, and reconnoitering the spot, perceived that we were within three yards of a narrow cleft in the earth, almost concealed from our sight by the tufts of long grass that grew on its edges; and advancing cautiously on our hands and knees, guided by the sound of the officer's voice until we could peep over the inner edge of the cleft, we saw our companion, his head three or four feet beneath us, clinging for life to the branches of a shrub which he had fortunately caught hold of as he was falling.

"Bear a hand, boys!" he cried, when he saw us. "I have no rest for my feet, or I'd soon get out of this confounded hole. But I can't hold on much longer."

We were awkwardly situated. Our friend was in imminent peril of his life, yet we had no rope to let down to him, nor any-

thing else of sufficient strength by which we could draw him up. The cords of the portable tent we had brought with us would have served our purpose, but we had left the tent at the spot where we had breakfasted, at least two miles distant. Some proposed that we should tie our handkerchiefs together, but this suggestion was immediately scouted, as it was extremely doubtful whether they would have borne the full fourteen stone of the lieutenant's weight. In this dilemma there was nothing left to us but to lower one of our own party into the cleft, legs foremost, whilst two others held his arms, and the remainder of the party supported the holders. This was immediately done; the lieutenant clung to the legs of a young midshipman, who was lowered into the hole, and by this means, after a severe tug, we succeeded in raising our friend once more to *terra firma*, with no other ill effects than the straining of his own and the midshipman's arms.

We now examined the cleft, and found that it extended for a long distance, in a zigzag direction, though it was in no place more than three feet, and in some places scarcely two feet wide, while its presence was imperceptible until we stood close to its brink. It appeared to sink to an immense depth, though the darkness prevented us from seeing into it to the depth of more than a few yards; but we threw several large stones into it, and though we listened attentively, we could not hear any one of them strike the bottom. It had evidently been caused by an earthquake, or some similar convulsion of nature, and its discovery rendered us cautious lest we should come upon other clefts of the same description. Well for us it was that the accident had happened, since it had proved harmless, for within half-a-mile we came across two similar clefts, into which, had we not been forewarned, it is almost certain that some of our party would have been precipitated.

These discoveries put an end to our rambling; besides, the air was growing chill, and we almost regretted that we had not provided ourselves with overcoats and wrappers, as our friends had advised, though we had much greater reason to regret our want of caution before we saw our friends again.

It was now three p.m., and time that we were beginning to think of descending from the mountain. We calculated that the descent would not occupy more than two hours at the most, and that two hours more would carry us to the friend's house, near Cape Town, at which we were to dine and spend

the evening, and amuse the ladies of the party by relating our adventures; so we hastened back to the spot where we had left the seamen and the Malays and the Hottentots, and these latter, having taken up their loads, commenced the descent of the mountain.

To descend a mountain, however, is often a much more difficult and perilous task than to ascend, and so it proved in the present instance. The paths, which had previously appeared sufficiently firm, were now slippery to a degree, and we were obliged to proceed very slowly, while we spread ourselves as much as possible to avoid the stones and masses of earth which were frequently dislodged by our feet, and rolled down upon the heads of those who were beneath. This, however, was not the only annoyance. During the ascent we had seen numerous flocks of small monkeys, but only two or three of the large dog-faced baboons which haunt the mountains. Now the smaller monkeys had apparently disappeared, while the baboons were numerous. The ugly, mischievous brutes grinned and chattered down upon us from every ledge of rock. We never saw them beneath, but always above us, as if they were conscious—as I have no doubt they were—that they thus had us at a disadvantage; and I am certain, in my own mind, that they purposely, and with *malice prepense*, frequently loosened pieces of rocks and large stones, and sent them rolling down upon our heads. We frequently narrowly avoided being struck with a stone, which passed close to our heads, and sometimes actually grazed our persons, when there were none of our own party above us; and on looking up we would see one of these hideous brutes peeping over a ledge of rock, and grinning maliciously at us, showing the whole of his large white teeth, as if he enjoyed the joke, as I have no doubt he did. Some, upon being thus discovered, would scamper away, chattering as they went, while others would remain, well satisfied that our threats were impotent, and that if we attempted to pursue them they could easily make their escape.

However, with all these little drawbacks, we descended with tolerable rapidity, and in little more than an hour from the time at which we had commenced the descent we stood on the broad plateau on which we had rested during the ascent in the morning. Many of our party were somewhat out of breath, we therefore remained to rest awhile, and to take one last look at the beautiful prospect spread beneath us. To

our surprise, however, everything below us was hidden in a white mist. Nothing was to be seen of the country, or the town, or the Bay—nothing but, as it were, a wide sea of mist, stretching as far as the eye could reach. We had already remarked, during our descent, that the atmosphere was less clear than it had been, and had attributed the change to the gathering shades of evening, though we had thought it early for these changes to make their appearance. Now, however, even as we stood, we could see the mist growing thicker and thicker, and apparently rising towards us.

“By Jove! we must make haste,” cried one of our party; “or we shall be lost in the fog before we get down to the level, and that will be no joke.”

“Tink massa bes’ not tink him get u’ Cape Town a night,” answered one of the Malays. “White fog him come. Hide eberyting. Massa no wantee lose he life—he bes’ stay whar he be, I tink.”

“By heaven! the fellow’s right,” exclaimed the first lieutenant, who had cast a glance upwards towards the summit of the mountain. “The mountain imps are laying the table-cloth at a deuce of a rate, and it will very soon cover us.”

The whole party glanced upwards, and sure enough the white clouds, like bales of cotton wool, had already begun to roll over the mountain-top, and were descending fast upon us, while the mist beneath was rising faster and faster to meet them.*

“By George, we had best hurry down as quickly as possible,” cried one of the officers from the fort; “or we shall very soon have no chance of a Christmas dinner to-day.”

“Tell massa him hab no chance anyway,” answered the Malay. “Bes’ stay whar him be, fore wuss come.”

“A pretty joke to be kept here all night!” said another. “A nice Christmas party we shall make! D—n the Table Mountain, and the table-cloth into the bargain, say I.”

“Let us try to get down, at all hazards,” said the young midshipman who had been

* It is almost worth a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope to witness the phenomenon of the table-cloth being laid on the Table Mountain. It presents, from the Bay, a singular and beautiful appearance, as if countless bales of fleecy cotton-wool were rolling, one over another, from the summit to the base of the mountain, until the entire surface is completely shrouded from sight. The phenomenon is occasioned by the condensation of the moisture in the air, cooled by its contact with the mountain, and during its prevalence the cold air often rushes down the mountain side with such violence as to be fatal to the shipping in the Bay.

lowered into the cleft to save the first lieutenant. "My legs have been stretched to that degree that I fancy I could wear Jack the Giant-killer's seven-leagued boots."

"No, Tom," replied the lieutenant, with whom the young midddy was a favourite. "The Malay is right, and we are lucky to have reached this plateau. We shall be safe here, at all events, until the mists clear up; and if we attempt to descend further, some, if not all of us, will lose our lives by falling into the ravines. I've had one fall to-day, and that's enough for me."

"Then you propose that we bivouac here for the night!" cried the soldier officer, who had previously spoken. "A precious cool spot, certainly, to spend the Christmas in. It'll put us in mind of the weather in Old England. D—n the Table Mountain, I say."

"Oh, yes! D—n the Table Mountain, by all means, if that will afford you any satisfaction," replied the lieutenant; "but we are in for it, and no mistake, and the best thing we can do is to try to make ourselves as comfortable as possible before matters grow worse."

"We shall have the table-cloth laid for our Christmas dinner, though we miss the roast beef and plum-pudding," put in the young midddy. And thus, amidst jokes and growls, and I am sorry to add, not a few curses, we proceeded to examine into the state of affairs. In the first place, we were beginning to feel hungry, and the prospect of losing our anticipated Christmas dinner made us feel hungrier still; while on looking into the condition of our larder, we found that there was hardly enough left of the provisions that we had brought with us to make a meal for three hungry men. What there was, however, was as fairly as possible divided amongst us, and consumed forthwith; otherwise, in all probability, the Malays and Hottentots would very soon have consumed it themselves; but they had their fair share with the rest of us.

"Pity that the days of miracles are past," said the midddy, who would have his joke under any circumstances, caring little what it was he turned into a jest. "We might then imagine we had dined heartily, and have enough left to fill our baskets into the bargain."

"Tom," said the lieutenant, seriously, "I have no objection to a joke; but mark me, boy, never let me hear you make a jest of any sacred subject again."

"I meant no harm, sir," replied the boy, who keenly felt the rebuke thus publicly given.

"I dare say not," answered the lieutenant, kindly; "but you have a bad habit of joking at everything. Now, gentlemen," he added, addressing the party generally; "these mountain fogs sometimes last for many hours. We had better spread our tent, and take shelter beneath it; and all we can do then will be to wait, as patiently as we may, until the atmosphere clears up. I am sorry to say that I give up all hope of eating my Christmas dinner in Cape Town this evening."

"Or anywhere else, added another of the party.

"What will my poor wife and the rest of the ladies think, when they find that we do not join them?" said the gentleman at whose villa we were to have dined.

"They will see the table-cloth on the mountain, and know the cause of our detention," replied the first lieutenant.

"Yes, if that were all," continued the merchant; "if they could be satisfied of our safety. But they will surmise all sorts of evil, and fancy that we have fallen over some of the precipices."

"Well, well; we can't help that," answered the lieutenant. "We may be thankful," he added, "that such is not the case; and Mrs. B—and the other ladies will only be the more rejoiced when, please God, they see you return in safety to-morrow."

By this time the cloud had grown so dense that we were utterly unable to discern the outlines of each other's persons at the distance of three feet, and the air was every moment growing perceptibly colder. The sailors, assisted by the Malays and Hottentots, had succeeded, under the direction of the first lieutenant, in erecting the tent, which was about five feet in height, and large enough to contain our entire party, crowded close together. We deeply regretted now, that we had declined to bring the overcoats and wrappers that had been urged upon us by our friends, and, at the same time, rejoiced that the ladies had declined to join our party; for in less than half-an-hour the cold was so severe that our teeth chattered in our heads, our fingers tingled, and we shivered in every limb.

Our feelings were strange. We seemed to be perched in mid-air, surrounded by the clouds; while, from whatever cause I cannot say, but we all felt a sensation as though the plateau upon which we were grouped was floating in the air. In fact, this sensation was so apparent to our imaginations that some of our party became alarmed, and believed that the plateau was actually shifting its position, and that we should find

ourselves hurled over the precipice into the abyss beneath, and perhaps crushed and buried by the falling earth.

Anticipating heavy gusts of wind, the lieutenant had directed the tent to be erected close under the brow of the overhanging acclivity, and as far from the edge of the plateau as possible, and fortunate for us all it was that he had so done. We had not been crouched beneath it more than an hour when fierce squalls, one after another, came rushing through the gaps of the mountain, and swept over the plateau with such violence that they would inevitably have carried any one off his feet who had been standing near the edge of the precipice, and hurled him to destruction. We, however, were sheltered by the mountain-side, and though we heard the wind rush past us, we scarcely felt its violence, and were congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune, and the lieutenant upon his foresight, when a fiercer gust than usual struck the tent, and immediately tore the canvas into shreds, lifted the stakes out of the ground, and carried us, entangled among the wreck, into the centre of the plateau.

We gave ourselves up for lost; but, providentially, we managed to escape from the ropes and torn canvas, which were twisted about our limbs, and by lying down motionless and flat upon the earth, saved ourselves from being blown over the edge of the plateau. When the squall had passed over us, the wreck of the tent had disappeared, and we crept back to our former position, where we laid ourselves down, and clung one to another, all huddled close together for mutual warmth and protection. But we could find little warmth from each other's bodies, for by this time the cold had become intense, and every garment we wore was as dripping wet with the fog as if we had been fording a river in our clothing. Our teeth chattered to that degree that we were unable to converse together, even had we felt so inclined; while—equally unable to sleep—we lay huddled together, some silent, others groaning, and bemoaning their unhappy condition—all beginning to doubt whether we should live through the night.

And yet, had we been in a situation to enjoy it, the scene around us was wildly magnificent. Darkness had come on; but it was a moonlight night, and occasionally the fog lifted for a few moments, and disclosed the moon and starlit sky above, and the black peaks of the surrounding mountains. Then it closed up again, and left us

in a cloudy darkness, amid which we could see the fog lifted, as it were by whirlwinds, and driven by the gusts of wind in different directions, until two adverse gusts would clash and intermingle with a fierce rushing noise, and sweep rapidly on together, dividing and forcing a passage through the dense mist that rested on the mountain-side. Once, for a moment, the town and country beneath us, and the bay and the shipping in the distance, were suddenly disclosed to our view, and disappeared as suddenly, as if they had been swallowed up by some supernatural means, and then all was strange, cloudy darkness again.

We lay thus for several hours, when, at length, the fog gradually, and then more rapidly, began to clear away, and another hour not a vestige of it remained. The moon had gone down, but the stars shone out gloriously in the dark sky overhead, and disclosed every portion of the surrounding scenery as clearly as if it were daylight. The stars in the southern hemisphere are not scattered throughout the entire arc of the heavens as in the northern hemisphere. There are many dark patches in which not a solitary star is visible; but grouped together in constellations, they appear—perhaps by contrast with the surrounding dark patches—to shine more brightly. At all events, they gave sufficient light to enable us to read the smallest print, had we been so inclined, and had anything to read.

On looking at our watches, we found that it was just three o'clock a.m. We had, consequently, been nearly twelve hours imprisoned in the fog; and now, amid our rejoicing at our escape, our first thought was to descend from the plateau as quickly as possible, and rejoin our no-doubt-anxious friends, and get something to eat, for we were all almost famished with hunger and cold. On endeavoring to move, however, we found our limbs so stiff and cramped that we felt it would be madness on our part to risk the descent over the now damp and slippery rocks and soil until our bodies had somewhat recovered their elasticity. We therefore set to work to rub each other's backs and limbs with all our might, to restore the circulation, and then, after awhile, paced to and fro on the plateau, and thus another hour passed away before we found ourselves in a condition to recommence the descent. Day was now dawning, and directing our followers to throw away or leave behind them the empty baskets, and the other lumber they had hitherto carried, in order that they, as well as ourselves, might use their limbs freely, we started on our way.

As we expected, the descent was perilous. In some places the rocky paths were as slippery as ice, and we met with many falls. However, shortly after six o'clock on the morning of the 26th of December, we stood once more on level ground, beneath the mountain. We hastened at once to the farm where we had left our ponies and the buffalo-cart, on the previous morning; but just as we reached the house we saw a party of our friends from Cape Town, coming towards us, accompanied by servants carrying ropes, and ladders, and pickaxes, and shovels. They raised a loud shout of joy as soon as they perceived us, to which we responded, and as we met together they inquired eagerly whether all our party were safe.

"All," we replied.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Mr. S—, a magistrate of the town; and several of our brother officers from the ship who were with the party, and several of the officers from the fort, sprang towards us and shook hands with us cordially.

"Cape Town is in a blaze of excitement," said Mr. S—. "We saw the table-cloth spreading over the mountain yesterday afternoon, and were much alarmed for your safety, though we could do nothing for you until it cleared away. But it was soon known throughout the town that there was a large party on the mountain, and the excitement became intense. Many people have been up all night watching the cloud, and as soon as it began to clear we set forth to your rescue; but, to tell you the truth, we did not expect to find you all alive. It was lucky that you had not begun the descent when the cloud first began to gather."

"We had," replied the lieutenant. "We were half way down the mountain-side."

"Then your lives are saved by a miracle. How did you avoid the ravines?"

We explained that we had reached a broad plateau, upon which we had remained.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. S—; "the very fact seems to point out that you were providentially guided in your descent. I know the plateau of which you speak; but it is quite out of the customary mountain path. Mr. B—," he added, "your wife will be wild with joy when she sees you. She and several other ladies have been half crazed with grief."

Our friends had brought with them brandy and other restoratives, of which we partook gratefully and freely; and now that the first joy of the meeting was over, they began to laugh at and joke us upon our personal appearance. A more miserable-looking party, I should think, have been seldom seen. Our faces were pale and dirty, our hair was matted with wet, and our soaked clothing was stained of various colours by the earth and grass upon which we had crouched down. However, we soon reached the farm-house, when some hot coffee was provided for us; and after we had breakfasted, we mounted our ponies, and, accompanied by our friends, returned in triumph to Cape Town. We had lost our Christmas dinner; but we had accomplished what few have done. We had been on the Table Mountain when the table-cloth was laid upon the mountain-side.

That day we all needed rest, but a day or two afterwards we all met at Mr. B—'s villa to dine, and celebrate our Christmas night's sojourn on the Table Mountain. Many years have passed away since the period of which I have written; but though I lost my Christmas dinner, and had no share in the Christmas festivities and frolics that were to have followed, I have never regretted, however unpleasant it was at the time, that the circumstance of which I have written occurred to me; for there are few, even of the inhabitants of Cape Colony, who can say that they have spent a night on the mountain-side when the table-cloth was laid thereon.

JAS. A. MAITLAND.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DOWN THE OHIO TO THE UNDERWORLD.

If one would find a true type of America, my counsel is that he sail the length of the Ohio river, the entire thousand miles, on a steamboat. He need not fear the experiment. It is now only about fifty years since the first steamboat on the great Western rivers started aside the raft as that had startled aside the canoe of the Indian; and, unfortunately, there was too much reason for the reputation they earned in the first twenty-five years of being in reality what gondolas are in semblance — floating coffins. The boat-race, often ending in an explosion, was normal; and the 'snags' in the river's bed were only surpassed in number by the bowie-knives that flourished around the traveller's head on deck. The boat that reached New Orleans from Pittsburg without leaving anybody in the ooze of the river was a miracle. But the snags have now been mastered; the ruffians with their 'toothpicks' have followed the Indians with their scalping-knives to wild trans-Mississippian settlements; and the hundreds of fine steamboats that hover about the new cities of the West, like enormous butterflies around expanding flowers, have, by the natural selection of competition, become comfortable and secure. The voyager may, then, with a quiet mind, take America from this steamboat point of view, which, I contend, is the best point of view. There is, first of all, a constantly deepening sense of transition, of interminable tendency, derived from the narrow river itself, for ever bearing its sediment onward, losing its individuality at last only in a larger, longer duplicate of itself. The people taken up at this point, and that, to be borne to some other point further on, are like unto it. The boat pauses amid a creek of oil to leave speculators at the new petrolean cities; it stops for Irishmen whose bones and brains are to pave some new Western turnpike; it takes up German emigrants bound for new states beyond the Rocky Mountains. They are all the never-deposited sediment of a great human Ohio — the float of many lands and races and ages. It seeks rest by many shores, but well I know that the current means not rest but endless illusion.

I knew a strange old man, with something noble about him, outwardly and inwardly — he might have sat for Retsch's etching of the Ancient Mariner, so exactly he resembled it — who, whilst living amid the Eastern civilization that had reared him, one day found his arm moved and his finger pointing, in obedience to nerves which he could not, or fancied he could not, control. The finger pointed westward, and he resolved to follow it. It brought him to a door in a town near the source of the Ohio, at which he knocked. He related how he had been guided there to the inmates of the house, and he found them full

of faith in his pointing finger. They entertained him for some days, and called in their friends, who sat around this Ancient Mariner with silent expectation. Again his finger pointed to the river, and to it the group followed him. There they found a raft waiting to be employed, and the old man had an impression that they must all get on it, taking tents, clothing, and provisions; and that they must float down the river to some place afterward to be revealed, or 'pointed' to, where they were to found some kind of New Jerusalem. Strange as it may seem, well-to-do men and women, old and young, embarked on this singular voyage. On the slow raft, shoved aside by hundreds of swift, amazed steamboats, they floated one or two weeks without once landing, until at length the old man stood at the front and pointed to the shore. There they left the raft and made their way a mile from the river, where they mapped out a city and built some cabins. Then the pillar of fire which had led them seemed to melt into the light of common day. One after another they departed, leaving the cabins alone as the monuments of their adventure. But I believe that none of them again lived in the ordinary way in human society; they have wandered ever since through many parts of the world, as if seeking for something they had lost. Lately, I saw some of them walking along the streets of London with the same sad, expectant look. But I doubt not they will all find their way back to the Ohio, where they belong, as castles belong to the Rhine and docks to the Mersey. Ages before them, the red aborigines floated down the same river, following their westward-pointing finger and dreaming of fairer hunting-fields. And, with only a more conventional superstition — steamboat instead of raft — there went before them Missionaries, Mormons, Owenites, and Californian goldhunters. Did any of them any more find what they sought?

It is, we are told, that men may wander in it that the world was made so wide. Wide also was made the cognate world of dreams and of realities. Let Luther and Columbus embrace! Surely these American rivers, prairies, where all things say, 'Move on,' ever widening to the gardens of Hesperus, were prepared and the times of their discovery before appointed with reference to the dissolution of the old order of the world, to a long period of universal drift and fluidity, with faith in suspense, and only that surviving out of the past that is strong enough to survive.

One accent of the Holy Ghost

The heedless world hath never lost.

None who really live can escape this diluvial era. That which is Transcendentalism at Boston becomes Spiritism in the rude villages of New York, and the Fourierism of Brook Farm becomes the Mormonism of coarse fanaticism.

But I must not speak of these things in a hopeless strain. Rather I will recall here one

of the last prophecies that came from the most courageous heart I ever knew :

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut and afterwards in Massachusetts—from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it—which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead, dry life of society, deposited at first in the album of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb—heard, perchance, gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man as they sat round the festive board—may unexpectedly come forth from amidst Society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer of life at last! I do not say that John or Jonathan will realise all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.*

A few years before the breaking out of the Civil War, I was one of a small party of friends who were voyaging down the Ohio, with the purpose of exploring the Mammoth Cave. It was a fair day in June, to whose soft sky the tinted water and green shores sweetly responded. We sailed that day past long, black colonnades of boat-chimneys fronting river-side cities—past gentle hills with their lacework of Catawba vines, the rich bequest of a perished tribe—past pic-nic groves alive with dancers, and vocal with laughter and music—far and farther into the river solitudes, where the wild deer spring away from the cliffs at our approach, and our voices mingle with the scream and chatter of wild-creatures—into realms of a strange beauty, where silence touches our lips, as green islands appear and vanish or we enter green grottoes of foliage, whose arches above the narrowing river are scorched by our chimneys—by spots where brave pioneers of civilisation sleep peacefully

* Thoreau's *Walden*.

under the crosses they came to set up in the wilderness—and by ancient mounds where rest the bones of men who also, doubtless, had their own cross to bear. But on the Ohio the points of beauty and interest are but casual reliefs to long miles of monotonous flatness, and by the third or fourth hour each passenger has been driven to his or her resources—to games, novels, music—for there is a piano—political discussion, and the rest. For myself I was making, as my reader hardly need be now informed, a sentimental journey, and devoted myself to observing the characters who were thrown together on this miniature planet. They were of all races. There was even a poor half-breed Indian woman sitting on the deck selling little embroideries to the pale-faces, whose forerunners had once charmed away the lands of her ancestors with just such trifles. There is one characteristic about the Indians which, to my mind, marks them as the race nearest of all to the wild animal: they are never known to laugh, or even to smile. I have repeatedly tried to make them smile, without success; nor have I ever heard of an Indian being induced to laugh. The most human thing one detects about the Indian is, perhaps, his occasional fits of jealousy. When Washington Irving was a boy, he was on an expedition to Ogdensburg, New York, where a squaw was so captivated by his handsome face, that she could not conceal her admiration; whereupon her husband was so filled with rage, that he knocked Irving down, and was barely restrained from stabbing him. Nothing can be sadder to see than these forlorn, down-looking half-breeds, who are signs not of a perishing so much as of a demoralised race. They have not now even the attraction of savage sincerity, but with their vein of Saxon blood have acquired something of the shop-keeper's art. Those very trifles, seemingly of Indian manufacture, which the woman is selling to travellers, are made by white hands in New York and other cities, and sent out systematically through the country to be sold, wherever strangers are likely to be found, by Indians as their own fabrics.

The early settlers of America were chiefly struck by two facts about the Indians; first, the grandeur of their physical proportions; and, secondly, their small numbers. They afterwards found out the dreadful secret that these two facts were obverse and reverse of the same cause, since every weakly, deformed, or aged person was at once slain. The struggle for life did not admit of the weak living to shackle the strong; and hence, whilst there were superb forms, these were picked out of many. These red men had anticipated the counsel of Alphonso of Castile to the gods:

Men and gods are too extense;
Could you slacken and condense?
Your rank overgrows reduce
Till your kinds abound with juice?
Earth, crowded, cries, 'Too many men!'

My counsel is, kill nine in tén,
And bestow the shares of all
On the remnant decimal.
Add their nine lives to this cat;
Stuff their nine brains in his hat;
Make his frame and forces square
With the labours he must dare.

The Indian under this regime had no inward or affectional life, but the world has never known such perfect senses as he secured. In his miraculous power of seeing, and hearing, and smelling, the stories of which are certainly not exaggerated, he seems to be a prophecy of what keenness and power the clear American sky and the vast distances are able to add ultimately to the European man.

Colonel Marcy, of the United States army, in his valuable work, *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border*, has much that is interesting concerning the Indian's fine powers of observation. Speaking of his ability at 'tracking,' Col. M. says:

Almost all the Indians whom I have met with are proficient in this species of knowledge, the faculty for acquiring which appears to be innate with them. Exigencies of woodland and prairie life stimulate the savage from childhood to develop faculties so important in the arts of war and of the chase.

An Indian, on coming to a trail, will generally tell at a glance its age, by what particular tribe it was made, the number of the party, and many other things connected with it astounding to the uninitiated.

I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'the trail was made two days before, in the morning,' at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

The pure Indian languages have no words for gods, angels, or demons. I have never been able to trace any superstitions among them except those concerning the occult powers of medicine men, which have been largely mingled with snatches, so to speak, of scriptural stories received probably at a very early period from missionaries. They seem to be influenced by dreams. Bayard Taylor, who is just now travelling in Colorado, was told by

one of the squatters in Boulder Valley, that when he and seven others settled there in 1859, the Indians surrounded them. The eight squatters constructed a rude fort and resolved to defend themselves. Two or three days after hostilities had commenced, they observed some commotion in the Indian camp. Toward evening, a warrior arrived for parley. He said that their medicine-man had just dreamed that the stars had fallen from heaven, and a flood swept away their camp, and that they had determined to leave, which — after a mighty howl of grief — they did.

Every steamboat that sails in the west is a university for the study of physiognomy and ethnology. In that which was bearing us, on the particular occasion to which I am referring, I fell to comparing minutely an English party on board with the Americans, both of New England and the West. 'In less than two centuries and a half,' says Palfrey, 'a different climate and regimen on this continent have produced on the descendants of the English some remarkable physiological changes. The normal type of the Englishman at home exhibits a full habit, a moist skin, curly hair, a sanguine temperament. In the transplanted race the form is oftener slender, the skin dry, the hair straight, the temperament bilious or nervous.' It should be added to this that the Anglo-American is taller than the Englishman; this is, I believe, the case with the New Englander, but it is certainly the case when the Eastern American is transplanted to the West. A very interesting statement was recently made before the National Academy of Science (U.S.) by the late Professor Gould, of Cambridge. Professor Gould had based his calculations mainly upon the measurements of the soldiers enlisted in the Federal army, all of which were carefully taken according to law. He showed that foreigners were shorter than natives of America. As we go West, he said, men grow taller. The averages of height increased, according to the muster-rolls, as the enlistments went West, and the highest average was reached on the banks of the Upper Mississippi, in the State of Iowa, namely, 69 inches. Agassiz, who was present, ascribed this increase of the American skeleton to the quantities of lime which mingle with the springs and soils of the country. Nevertheless, the fact is generally recognised; and if this skeleton should ever be clothed with a proportionate extent of flesh and blood, we shall look for a race of giants to appear in those days beyond the Rocky Mountains. Already the ideals of the West are in the direction of enormous size and strength. On our boat we had a sort of prose-Minnesinger, who was never weary of reciting the exploits of the Crocketts, the Bowies, and other half-mythic heroes of the primal West, and the climax of every story was when the hero proved himself a match for two or three Indians.

In the narratives of these minstrels, by the bye, I thought I saw tricked out many a fellow who during life was too well known to the

Courts, and have ever since had grievous misgivings as to the heroes of other lands and ages. Were Hector, Achilles, and the rest — apart from Homer — only naked savages of the bronze age, with their 'toothpicks?' Will some American Livy of the far future relate concerning the Border Ruffian, that he was called 'Wolverine' because he was suckled by a she-wolf; and will cities on the Pacific be named after him? How many epic heroes, should they appear on earth to-day as they really were in former times, would be in the hands of the police before night? *Que sais-je?* If they at all resembled the Western settler of to-day, they certainly were 'hard cases.' Some of the sentiments and devices which the emigrants love to paint on their wagons show also a just self-appreciation; amongst these I have lately seen noted, 'The Red Bull,' 'Cold Cuts and Pickled Eel's Feet,' 'Hell-roaring Bill from Bitter Creek.' Such are the coats of arms for the future society of the Pacific shore!

We voyaged very harmoniously on our expedition for several hours; but we came at last to a certain spot on the river, where the American demon arose to divide us. 'There,' said some one, 'the slave woman Margaret Garner cast herself into the river and perished, as they were dragging her back to slavery. She followed thus into the land of liberty her three children, whose throats she had cut the day before at Cincinnati, when the Court decided that they must all be returned under the Fugitive Slave Law.' Hereupon scowling Southerners break off to form their own group, where they rehearse the brave deeds of Kentuckians in their conflicts with the 'd—d Yankees' in Kansas. Thereupon, overhearing the word, a free State Kansas settler relates how old Ossawatimie Brown, having received from Clay Pate, leader of Kentucky Rangers, his bowie-knife and revolver by surrender, forced Pate to get on his knees and confess to the Lord in detail his many crimes, his memory being assisted from time to time by Captain Brown, much to the amusement of his comrades, and to the disgust of the Kentucky band, who were also made to take the uncongenial attitude of their leader. Thus, between the two ends of our boat hung already the cloud that was soon to blacken the whole sky bending over America. Few were the decks on which the Union was not divided many years before that first shell crashed against Fort Sumter.

I was once travelling on a steamboat from a town on the Upper Mississippi towards St. Louis. It was on a summer's night, and a large company, chiefly the ministers and laymen who had composed a Unitarian Conference up the river, and their families, were enjoying the moonlight. Laughter and joy reigned among the younger people, and the ministers were engaged in theological debates. At last the moon was sinking, and we were all preparing to part for the night, when suddenly a voice was heard from the shore, pronouncing some word that we could not understand; but the captain under-

stood it: the bell tinkled sharply, the wheels were reversed, and the engine paused with a heavy groan. On the shore was a close carriage, by the side of which stood a man holding a pine-knot torch. When the boat was close to the wharf, the carriage door was opened, and two men dragged from it a struggling but silent woman. When she was lifted on our boat we saw the ropes that bound this quadroon woman; we saw her look of wild despair as the torch flared its red light upon her; the spot where the hope that had animated her brave flight lay murdered; — and our laughter, our theology, nay, our very existence was embittered. It was a sleepless night; and one wondered that the boat with the poor wretch chained below its gay *salon*, and its crowd of men and women, foom among whom not one dared to start forward and close with her oppressor, did not sink with its ignoble freight. That heavy night recorded in some hearts silent vows, fulfilled since with their blood.

'I remember once,' said a gentleman to me, 'being on one of these boats, on the way from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, when we had on board the great Kentucky Senator, and then presidential candidate, Henry Clay. As we were about to sit down to dinner, a noise arose at one end of the table, and looking toward the spot I saw several men with bowie-knives in their hands. The captain, it seems, was on the point of introducing to the dinner-table two very respectable negroes, and the Southerners swore they would kill them if they took their seats. One of the negroes said in a calm voice that neither he nor his friend desired to take seats at the table with the whites, and that they had only approached because they were bidden. There was something in the tone of this man that moved Mr. Clay, who spoke warmly and even eloquently (he was regarded as the leading orator of America) in favour of allowing the men to take their seats. The majority sympathised with him, though the few who had resisted still muttered. But now that it was, settled that they should do so, the two negroes respectfully declined to sit at the table: it was they said, of no importance to them, and it would offend some, and they preferred a side table. This arrangement was at length adopted. It was then whispered about that the two negroes were the distinguished negro orators Frederick Douglass and Charles Remond. This having been corroborated, the men, who by their delicate behaviour had won the sympathy of the company on the boat, were invited to address them on the upper deck: they consented, and there was in the afternoon a large assembly to hear them. And with such power, with such simple and touching eloquence, did they speak of the wrongs of their race, that the company was frequently moved to tears, many of them being Southerners; and Mr. Clay himself declared to me that he did not believe that the man existed in the United States who would have spoken more eloquently than Mr. Douglass, and that it was a disgrace to civilization

that such a man should only have gained his freedom by flight, or that the race which had produced two such orators should be enslaved.'

Many events such as these, my reader, were the prologues to the tragedy of the last four years in America. Every ship that sailed, every fugitive pursued, every encounter between Northern and Southern, graved another solemn sentence on Fate's iron leaf.

Sailing beyond the sunset was very well for Ulysses and his comrades in those old days when comfortable hotels were rare; for ourselves, when the red sun dropped into a cloud we all rejoiced that his last ray flushed the spires of Louisville, where we were to rest for the night. We were still nearly two hundred miles from the *Cave*, and the greater part of the distance had to be passed over on a stage-coach. The next day was sullen and threatening, and when we reached that part of our journey that must be made with horses, a steady rain had set in. The old stage-coach, bequeathed us from the time of the Georges, was not mentioned by Jefferson in his indictment of the British King, but it deserved to be. Like the opossum, extinct nearly everywhere else, this ugly mar-supial of locomotion still fumbles along in some parts of America, bearing its unhappy children in its pouch. Just as we are about to drive off, a fine-looking English lady steps out of the inn to take her place. The coach is already fuller than its dimensions permit — each one having declined to take the outside on account of the rain — and each 'insider' has somebody in his or her lap. With American gallantry the young men all leap out to offer the English lady their places; but she has already mounted beside the driver, and declares that she prefers it. No persuasion could make her leave her place in the drenching rain; and when, after thirty miles of it, the departure of some passengers made a vacancy within, and she still persisted in remaining outside in the rain, her bravery so wrought upon the minds of our young Americans that they struggled for places outside, where they made her acquaintance, and thereafter she was the lioness of the party. It was rumoured also that we had an English lord outside. This was whispered by the driver to one of us, he declaring that he had heard one of two Englishmen, who also remained outside, address the other as Lord Heimer. It is not given to an American every day to see a live lord; and this report caused the company, when the coach stopped next, to leave it for a good gaze at his lordship. Lord Heimer's courage had yielded to the drenching rain, and he had crept low down into the 'boot,' where he shared the floor with his portmanteau, and, from behind the leathern flap which protected him, no noble feature emerged. However, when we arrived at the inn where we were to pass the night, he was gazed at with an interest which must have astonished him. 'What elegant manners!' said one; 'What a noble look!' said another. Young America began to feel jealous. His lordship goes to the re-

gister of the inn, and writes his name; and when he leaves it, there is a rush — attributable, I trust, more to curiosity exasperated by the absence of other sensations, than to flunkeyism — to see what he has written. Heavens! he has written his name, plain 'Mr. Nordheimer.' I wonder if the poor man, the first letter of whose name had been mistaken by our driver, ever learned of the honorary badge that blossomed and withered so quickly upon his breast in the eyes of our Republicans that day!

In that dreary and lonely region I remember to have been fascinated by something that neither king nor queen, whatever their glory, could equal — a little group of humming-birds. Generally one is as many as one can see on the same bush, though I had seen two; but out here on this wretched spot, inhabited by ignorant peasants, I saw six or seven at once. The pen that attempts to describe worthily the humming-bird's beauty must fail only less signally than if it would describe the flower of earthly beauty, a beautiful woman. I find some little evidence that some of the orthodox Puritans of early days were almost persuaded by this little bird that the curse on Nature was not total. Hector St. John, the friend of Franklin, and the 'American Farmer' whom Hazlitt (and Lamb also, I believe) admired, wrote with enthusiasm of this bird nearly ninety years ago:

On this little bird [he says] Nature has profusely lavished her most splendid colours; the most perfect azure, the most beautiful gold, the most dazzling red, are forever in contrast, and help to embellish the plumes of his majestic head. The richest palette of the most luxuriant painter could never invent anything to be compared to the variegated tints with which this insect bird is arrayed. Its bill is as long and as sharp as a coarse sewing-needle; like the bee, Nature has taught it to find out in the calyx of flowers and blossoms those mellifluous particles that serve it for sufficient food, and yet it seems to leave them untouched, undriven of anything that our eyes can possibly distinguish. When it feeds it appears as if immovable, though continually on the wing; and sometimes, from what motives I know not, it will tear and lacerate flowers into a hundred pieces; for, strange to tell, they are the most irascible of the feathered tribe. Where do passions find room in so diminutive a body? They often fight with the fury of lions, until one of the combatants falls a sacrifice and dies. When fatigued it has often perched within a few feet of me, and on such favourable opportunities I have surveyed it with the most minute attention. Its little eyes appear like diamonds, reflecting light on every side; most elegantly finished in all parts, it is a miniature work of our great Parent, who seems to have formed it the smallest, and, at the same time, the most beautiful of the winged species.

It is indeed an animated sapphire, — nay the winged spirit of all gems, — and to see it dart-

ing and flashing among the honeysuckles and jasmines is as well worth a voyage across the Atlantic as Niagara or the Mammoth Cave. For it can only be really seen when alive; its peculiar radiance is extinguished by death, like that of glow-worms. I have repeatedly caught and tried to keep them in my room with the aid of all the flowers that it usually visits, but it at once pined away and died in captivity. Once, indeed, I thought that I discovered in it a curious instinct of cunning in addition to the passions which St. John declares rage in its tiny breast. As soon as I caught one it closed its diamond eyes and stretched itself on my hand as if dead; but no sooner was I off my guard than it darted away out of the window which I had opened to give it air, as lively as ever. I read some years afterward a deeply interesting account by a naturalist of the same state (Kentucky) in which I saw so many of his experiments with it. He had, he said, tried often to get one to live in his room, but invariably they lost all animation and brilliancy, though he sometimes could keep them alive for a day or two. At length having released one which seemed to be at the point of death, he followed it into the garden and watched it. He saw it perch here and there, until at last it found a little green spider, very common in that neighbourhood; this spider it eagerly swallowed, and so soon as it did so its vivacity and its colours returned, and it flashed about its old bowers as before. When next he caught one he took care to secure a number of these particular spiders also; and by occasionally giving the bird one he was able to keep it in good plight for some length of time.

Perhaps there is nothing that a Southerner who has wandered in other climes more tenderly associates with his native land than its fire-flies. These he and his childhood's companions have chased through many 'lost bowers' and soft summer nights, and wherever he sees them, sweet memories gleam for a moment on the night of vanished years. Out here in this desolate region the night is lit up with them, as if the earth were responding with gentle luminous breathings to the soft influences of Pleiades. The fire-flies shine as they rise, and they do not flash so much as glow like a universal exhalation of undulating light. They make all the woods mystic. A young American poet — George Arnold — who had much poetic feeling, but died before he had accomplished much, has written some lines concerning these beautiful creatures which I insert here in place of any further reflections of my own.

'Tis June, and all the lowland swamps

Are rich with tufted reeds and ferns,
And filmy with the vaporous damp.

That rise when twilight's crimson burns;

And as the deepening dusk of night

Steals purpling up from vale to height,

The wanton fire-flies show their fitful light.

Soft gleams on clover-beams they fling,

And glimmer in each shadowy dell,

Or downward with a sudden swing,

Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell;

And on the fields bright gems they strew,

And up and down the meadow go,

And through the forest wander to and fro.

They store no hive, nor earthly cell,

They sip no honey from the rose;

By day unseen, unknown they dwell,

Nor aught of their rare gift disclose:

Yet, when the night upon the swamps

Calls out the murk and misty damps,

They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

Now ye who in life's garish light,

Unseen, unknown, walk to and fro,

When death shall bring a dreamless night,

May ye not find your lamps aglow?

God works, we know not why nor how,

And, one day, lights, close hidden now,

May blaze like gems upon an angel's brow.

On that night and the next morning we had the satisfaction of seeing the courage of the English members of our now consolidated party subjected to a test for which it was less prepared than for the rain and discomforts of the stage-coach. The Kentucky inn had but two spare rooms for all parties, large and small, one for the gentlemen and the other for the ladies, and of these two the inmates of the house had a rather free range. 'Cuique erendum suo malo.' The English, who had borne themselves so bravely hitherto, could hardly restrain their disgust, and were clearly incapable of appreciating our South-western institutions in particulars where the American adaptability to circumstances shone out. Margaret Fuller gives a humorous account of a night passed in a western inn, where an English lady was one of the company, which agreed very well with that furnished us by the American ladies of their first night in Kentucky. 'We ladies,' she says, 'were to sleep in the bar-room, from which its drinking visitors could only be ejected at a late hour. The outer door had no fastening to prevent their return. However, our host kindly requested we would call him, if they did, as he had "conquered them for us, and would do so again." We had also rather hard couches (mine was the supper table), but we Yankees, born to rove, were altogether too much fatigued to stand upon trifles, and slept as sweetly as we would in the "bigly bower" of any baroness. But I think England sat up all night, wrapped in her blanket shawl, and with a neat lace cap upon her head, so that she would have looked perfectly the lady, if any one had come in, — shuddering and listening. I know that she was very ill next day, in requital. She watched, as her parent country watches the seas, that nobody may do wrong in any case, and deserved to have met some interruption, she was so well prepared.' In the morning there was set in the porch, upon which both of our rooms opened,

a single wash-basin on a chair with a large towel beside it; and this had to serve our entire company, ladies and gentlemen. But when during the day we were jolted along in a springless waggon over a road macadamised with tree-stumps, our England looked back kindly upon the receding inn, and the paw of the lion and the talon of the eagle were clasped together in a common consent, that Kentucky was a land of unmitigated barbarism. The distance to the Cave lengthened with each report received in answer to our plaintive inquiries from the seedy and lean 'poor whites' whom we encountered from time to time; until at last we dumbly resigned ourselves to our waggon-rack (it was drawn by oxen — the only team we could procure), and at the end of a day of torture found ourselves bruised and almost fainting on the threshold of the Mammoth Cave Hotel.

There is stretching southward from the Ohio, and covering an immense but not yet completely measured area in Kentucky and Tennessee, a continuous mass of limestone; blue limestone beneath, cliff limestone above, with now and then some beautiful but fragile marble. Out of this material Nature, waiting so many ages for artists and architects, undertook to do some colossal carving in her own way, and has left in that region some of the most wonderful and grotesque works imaginable. If Professor Ramsay sighs for another geological world to conquer, now that he has got through Wales, I can commend him to the unexplored state of Kentucky, and can promise him unrivalled wonders. The sculptures of Nature, — whose ingenuity in them has led the illiterate of that region to attribute them to such black art as is implied in naming them 'Devil's Pulpit,' 'Bottomless Pit,' and the like, — are represented in high knobs with holes sinking 300 feet straight down in them, rivers dashing between perpendicular cliffs 1300 feet high, vast inverted cones, down which the roar of distant waterfalls is heard, isolated springs that rise each day 12 or 15 inches and sink again with the regularity of tides, and Sinking Creeks that disappear and run under the earth for five or six miles. There are also vast slabs impressed with the footprints of primitive animals, and, in one important case, with those of man; and there are bone caves as yet half examined. In this state also there are some ten or twelve large Indian mounds or fortifications, the largest of which — that near Bowling Green — is built on a magnificent natural fortress, and shows that the Indians had keen eyes for such large defences.

Benjamin Franklin, who very carefully studied all the discoveries of his age made concerning the Indians, could not believe that they had originally migrated from Asia, and yet these Indian mounds impressed him with the idea that they had once enjoyed a higher civilisation than any of which the whites were witnesses.

At what period, [he asks] by what people,

were these works constructed? What degree of civilisation had this people reached? Were they acquainted with the use of iron? What has become of them? Can we conceive that nations sufficiently powerful to have raised such considerable fortifications, and who buried their dead with such religious care, can have been destroyed and replaced by the ignorant and barbarous hordes we see about us at the present day? Could the calamities occasioned by a long state of war have effaced the last traces of their civilisation and brought them back to the primitive condition of hunters? Are our Indians the descendants of that ancient people? . . . This planet is very old. Like the works of Homer and Hesiod, who can say through how many editions it has passed in the immensity of ages? The rent continents, the straits, the gulfs, the islands, the shallows of the ocean, are but vast fragments on which, as on the planks of some wrecked vessel, the men of former generations who escaped these commotions have produced new populations. Time, so precious to us, the creatures of a moment, is nothing to Nature.

There are in Kentucky, five or six caves which would be accounted marvels in any other part of the world, but there they are all dwarfed by proximity to the great Mammoth Cave, in which one may wander under the earth to an extent variously estimated at from 40 to 100 miles. The period of its discovery is unknown, but it was first pointed out to white pioneers by the Indians. The tracks of hoofed animals were found in it, and, indeed, may still be seen; these and certain bones which were found there, but are no longer discoverable, gave rise to the traditions of the neighbourhood that, in the early struggles between the French and English, regiments were concealed and fed in the cave. Probably no soldiers of either country were ever within a hundred miles, to say the least, of the spot, and it is much to be feared that through the prevalent ignorance of the region, some remains of scientific interest have been hopelessly lost.

Very early in the morning we prepared for our visit to the Underworld. The ladies are taken in one direction, and the gentlemen in another, and when we meet again, fresh introductions are almost required. The ladies, in 'bloomers' of various colours — all except Britannia, who will sacrifice herself to Decorum — form indeed a charming group of gipsies; but men, in their ugly corduroys, are unpicturesque banditti. To each of us is given a lighted candle, and headed by a handsome and intelligent mulatto for our guide (he is trying to save up from the gifts of tourists enough to raise him from the cavern of slavery to the upper world of freedom), and followed by another bearing a hamper of satisfactory size, we bid farewell to the light of day, and enter, a curious procession, into the fern-wreathed but awful mouth of the chasm.

The main cave into which we soon enter is six miles in length, from 40 to 100 feet in

height, and from 60 to 100 feet in width. This, which is the largest part of the cave, leads to what is called the Rotunda, which is a vast dome over 100 feet in height, and 175 in diameter. Rockets sent up here do not, indeed, as in the Speedwell mine, Derbyshire, burst without reaching the ceiling, but Roman candles show a splendid dome. To the right of the Rotunda, a large space stretches which is called Audubon's Avenue, that naturalist having devoted much time to its exploration. At this point there are traces of some cottages which were built many years ago for the residence of consumptives, the odd notion having got abroad that the air of the cave was good for persons afflicted with diseases of the lungs. Strange as it may seem, a considerable number went there to live. It, of course, hastened their death, and before they died their eyes became sunken, and their faces bloodless. The cavern proved but a way-station to the scarcely more gloomy realms of Death. Not far from this is 'the Church,' where, indeed, those 'spirits in prison' heard preaching at various times from the Methodist itinerants who passed that way. Nature was not at all, however, in a methodistic mood when she carved this curious hall, with its queer altars and Gothic ceiling. The most interesting thing in it is the 'Organ,' which is formed of stalagmitic layers of stone curving over, one upon another, to the number of nine or ten. Each is hollow, and has the appearance of an organ-pipe, and each yields a separate tone when struck with the fist or a mallet, the tone varying in character with the length and size of the pipe. The series C, D, D sharp, E, F, G, G sharp, comes in successive layers; and by remembering the sounds of other pipes, which are irregular, one can easily bear out a simple tune. I could easily find good reasons why some oriental worshippers should have set their altars and idols in caverns, as in the alabaster cave of Birmah, where the disciples of Buddha still keep consecrated images: no more fit pedestals or niches for the grim unshapely objects of their worship than these are imaginable. Originally, I suppose, every religion was born in, and dwelt in, some place physiognomically representative of it. Magni, exploring the Grotto of Antiparos, wrote:

In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that in some measure resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this sacrament.

The pious traveller was nearer to the historical origin of the lighted altars of his church than he suspected. Many a hard stony dogma, or half-blocked out creed also, which now builds fair temples in the upper light and air, would under the spear-touch of Ithuriel recede into the gloomy cave where some pursued and hiding

saint, reduced gradually to a monk, evolved it from such damp and dismal material as his abode furnished. Nay, we begin to feel conscious, feeling the influence of the heavy atmosphere into which we have come from the burning summer, now many hundred feet above us, that there are dark and before unsuspected underworlds within ourselves corresponding to the abysses about us. Gnomes, ghouls, genii, already seem weird possibilities. How much of the progress of mankind into sunnier and more liberal beliefs may ultimately have to be ascribed to meteoric changes?

When Scandinavia and Britain have but half emerged from old glacial periods, what wonder that they believed in the icy realm of Hela? (whose name, by the way, now denotes the most tropical region of theology!) Surely—

The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

One is not at a loss to account even for those monotonous, characterless hells, into which all offenders are supposed to be indiscriminately thrust, when standing beside what our guide calls 'the Bottomless Pit.' A vast hole is this, of some twenty feet in diameter, and round as if drilled by a gigantic auger: over this a bridge has been thrown upon which our guide invites us all to stand, and he then kindles a great red light which, flaring down into it is caught by a thousand crystals which glare from the abyss up to us like the fiery eyes of demons; stalactites glow in the light and become terrible tongues of flame. We hurl huge rocks into this pit, and hear them crashing from side to side, returning shrieking demoniac echoes to us until the ear loses the sound without discerning that any stone has reached the bottom.

One of our party, a universalist, plaintively asks the guide if the pit is bottomless, and is evidently much relieved on being told that its bottom has been ascertained to be just 175 feet below. We pass next through Martha's Palace, by Side-Saddle Pit, and enter the glories of Minerva's Dome. The Side-Saddle Pit is a smaller thing of the same kind as that just described. Martha's Palace has in it many crystals of fluor-spar which light up splendidly, and Minerva's Dome was evidently named by some one of classic tastes who saw in the superior whiteness of its pillars formed by the gradual blending of descending stalactites with ascending stalagmites and a certain simplicity in the hall, something of the Greek character. We then came to the 'Revellers' Hall, a room of 20 feet in height and 40 in width. After recognising feebly the name of the place, our English friends by taking draughts from their pocket-flasks, and our Americans by whirling a little in dances, which excited such explosions of laughter as must have been acceptable to the genius of the place, we passed through what is called the Scotchman's Trap. This is an opening five feet in diameter, just under a vast stone,

which is only kept from falling over the aperture by a few inches of limestone. A Scotchman once tried to persuade a party from going through, maintaining that the big rock must fall at some period, that it might fall just after they had gone through, in which case they would be all held in a trap. The Scotchman succeeded only in giving his name to one of the many formidable points of the cave. That he was justified by the appearance of the place in his apprehensions we all felt, and indeed, at this point, one of our most 'swashing and martial' Rosalinds sat down and had a good cry before going through. Next came the 'Fat Man's Misery.' This is a tortuous, slimy passage, in some parts only a foot in width, and with the ceiling only a foot above one's back, for, of course, we must all *crawl* through this villainous place, which might well be called 'Anybody's Misery.' We have to be tied with ropes, one to the other, there being really danger that some one may stick fast between the rocks and have to be dragged through by the rest. This passage stretches to the frightful extent of 150 feet, and few are the adventurers into it who do not echo from their hearts the groans of the fat man whose agonies gave the place its name. 'Oh that I were an eel!' gasped our good-sized English lady (to whom I was harnessed) *sotto voce*. Our guide relates, to keep our courage up, the fearful experience of a lady, too modest to appear in a bloomer, who tried to go through with crinoline: she got through at last, but the crinoline never did. From this we emerged into the Bacon Chamber, a small room, from the ceiling of which hang innumerable blunt stalactitic rocks, which have a most curious resemblance to hams, shoulders, sides, jowls, and indeed to every usual cut of pork. After our ordeal in the narrow passage we were quite ready for a piece of ham, and it was suggested that it might have been some weary explorer of an ancient grotto who emerging from a similar labyrinth of misery, came upon hams that he could not eat, that originated the story of Tantalus. After walking over a rocky road for some distance we come to the 'Dead Sea,' a pool of water formed, doubtless, partly from the rains filtered through the earth, but partly also, like the Zirknitz Sea and others, fed by subterranean fountains. The water is not stagnant, and so must have subterranean exits; but these are probably small and slow, leaving the water perfectly motionless. No fish has, I believe, ever been found in this pool, which is of an average depth of 15 feet, and is 20 by 50 feet in superficial extent.

Very interesting is that part of the Cave in which the various waters are found. The smallest of these is the Dead Sea. Not very far beyond this we come to the river Styx, after crossing which we soon reach Lake Lethe, and 500 yards farther, Echo River. It is in Echo River that the eyeless fish is found, there being also found in it another species of fish which has an eye with which it cannot see—

at least in daylight—any object, however near. The latter species is more rarely found than the other, which has mere rudimentary marks for eyes.

Experiments have been made with the object of cultivating these marks into eyes, but without success. It is doubtful, however, whether these animals have received the attention from naturalists which is due to the interest of the subject. These fishes, after being captured, refuse to eat anything provided for them, and though they sometimes live long, do not thrive. They have a skin like that of the eel, a mouth like that of the cat-fish, and various saurid characteristics. They have teeth, and one must almost believe the general assertion that these fishes devour each other. Nearly all of them are about the same length—eight inches—and they are much more lively than one might expect in eyeless creatures. They are generally white, but with their wide mouths and horned heads, are not pretty. The other species which, having eyes, makes such poor use of them, I did not see, nor did I see the cave-rat, though from the accounts of it, I suspect that it is that 'wandering Jew' of rats—the Norway—whose squeak even the settler beyond the Rocky Mountains is sure to hear under his floor the moment after he has nailed it down. Bats are also found in the cave. It is a pity that Mammoth Cave has not been explored thoroughly by any naturalist. Even Sir Charles Lyell, who has so often visited America and explored so many sections of it, did not visit this cave, which, besides being second only to Niagara as a prodigy, presents so many points of interest for scientific study.

I should say, from looking at the eyeless fish, that the Proteus of the Illyrian caverns could not be far off. The pleasure-parties which explore the cavern generally give as wide a berth as possible to those muddy flats in the Cave, where, perhaps, lie to-day animals as wonderful as that which gave Sir Humphrey Davy the text for his discourse on immortality, preached in the Grotto of the Madalaina, at Adelsburg. And, by the bye, if Socrates could have had the *Proteus anguinus*, or the eyeless fish, before him, what a dialogue would have been transmitted to us from the Academy! As it is, one can scarcely read the *Phædo* without suspecting that, fair as our landscapes seem, we are after all only fumbling about in Nature's cellar, and that we may be dotted from spine to brow with senses unscalable elsewhere than in this dim underworld.

The River Styx has been bridged, and Charon's boat is now found only on Lake Lethe and the Echo River. Nevertheless we found crossing the Styx one of the most difficult parts of our journey, for the river has great floods, one of which had not entirely subsided when we were there. To reach the bridge we had to go by a perilous circuit and cross a 'bottomless' chasm, which could only be done by the aid of a Bostonian, who, brave as Curtius and strong as Hercules, stood astride

the chasm and lifted the ten or twelve of us one by one over it. The Styx is a rapid torrent, 90 or 100 feet in width. It rises and flows visibly for 450 feet, and then disappears through caverns fathomless to man, but whether down to a sunless sea no man knoweth. It may be that it reappears as Echo River, and it may be that after being as often swallowed by the earth and disgorged as the Laibach, it stretches somewhere into a beautiful sunlit river, as that does into the Save.

Along huge halls, past great grim figures which should be named Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, we moved, awed into silence by the general vastness, and embarked on Lake Lethe. The boat would only hold one half of our party, and so the others had to await the return of the boat. As they stood there with their torches in their queer unworldly attire, gazing wistfully upon us, they seemed the very ghosts of Hades waiting for Charon to take them over to Elysium. And we, too, to them were as shadows. The lake is deep and still, and we are rowed about 150 yards before touching the shore. Still more impressive was the voyage on Echo River. There I waited with some others whilst half of the company went before. After watching some minutes the shadowy barge with its strange human figures and its torches, a moving island of light on a sea of darkness, it disappeared. Presently there came stealing back to us, now full, now faint, as from the heart of the earth, a strain of sweet music, which at length died away. After a while the splash of Charon's oar was heard, and soon we were ourselves floating on the dark, cold river. At a certain point the guide drew from his belt a bugle and gave a blast upon it; the effect was beyond that of anything I have ever heard: all around us hundreds of spirits seemed to take up the strain, some yelling it like demons, others plaining like imprisoned Ariels, and the sound was borne from rank to rank of them as by a thousand orchestras. Surely this is the place where that unhappy daughter of Earth and Air, who pines still for her lost Narcissus, has taken up her abode. The finest echoes that I had ever heard before were at Echo Lake, a tairn in the White Mountains of New England, where, on a fine day, I have heard an entire bar of music returned five times; and on the great American lakes there are many points where single sounds may be heard repeated from twelve to twenty times; but the echoes in the Mammoth Cave are more distinct, numerous, and musical than I have heard elsewhere. I counted sixteen distinct returns of the full strain of the bugle, and half as many more partial renderings of it. After experimenting on the echoes for some time, we all joined in singing simple tunes, as the 'Canadian Boat Song,' 'Adeste Fideles,' and others. Presently we turned a point and a light smote upon us; looking forward several hundred feet we saw grouped upon a cliff with their torches for foot-lights, the party that was waiting for us. The tableau was of wonderful beauty. The hymn we were

singing, floating ever nearer, was the enchantment that kept them still, as the figures of a rich tapestry.

Mr. Max Müller has shown us the stately procession of gods and goddesses that has come entirely out of the sun, and has detected in nearly every divine fable a metaphor of some one of its myriad attributes; but who will now tell us how many mythologies have issued from the sunless underworld? Travellers still find the grand Grotto of Antiparos haunted, to the minds of the islanders, with some of the darker powers known to the ancient Greek religion, and Pliny himself mentions the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, as one of 'Charon's ditches.' The traditions connected with 'Odin's Mine' at the foot of Mam Thor in Derbyshire, are also significant. The Mammoth Cave seemed to me the original of every oriental or Scandinavian hell, and with the assistance of blue and red lights, it might easily have supplied the models for Milton's Pandemonium, Dante's Inferno, and Swedenborg's Circular Pit, with walls of brass, through which he descended to witness the vastation of souls. Certainly if the Greek Hades were to be represented in a series of tableaux — with its Styx, its ferryman, and the pallid shades wandering on the shore — they could not be better modelled than on the successive pictures we beheld whilst traversing these subterranean rivers and lakes.

Among the many grotesque things at which we paused was the Giant's Coffin, a large mass of stone shaped in the exact fashion of a coffin, the lid slipped a little aside, leaving a crack for us to peep through; and the 'Ant-eater,' a huge specimen, accurate enough, almost, to have been fashioned by Mr. Hawkins, formed of black gypsum, on a background of white limestone. Still more striking is the group of the 'Giant, Wife, and Child,' — the giant in the attitude of passing the child to his wife: one suspects that some human sculptor has been at work on these until the lights are brought close and show the figures to be the rough work of Nature. 'Martha's Vineyard' is a great curiosity, and excites a general exclamation. The ceiling is studded with nodules of carbonate of lime, coloured by a black oxide of iron, exactly resembling clusters of Hamburg grapes.

Thoreau, whilst living in his Walden hut, watching the phenomena of frost-vegetation, declared: 'The Maker of this earth but patented a leaf.' He saw the feathers and wings of birds as leaves, and the butterfly as an animated detached blossom. The ice begins with delicate crystal leaves, as if it had flowed into moulds impressed by the fronds of water plants. The tree is a larger leaf, and rivers are the veins of a vast earth-leaf holding cities as ova in its axils. Nay, is not the human hand truly a palm with its veins, and the ear a lichen with its lobe? Down here in the cavern one feels, as if in the very laboratory, where the remotest types of things are being fashioned. Here are acanthus, lotus, vine or prophecies of them. Those one sees in the upper world might be the risen

spirits, — not disembodied but more truly embodied, — of these in the underworld. The creation ever goes on under the genii, Water, Limestone, Gravitation, and time; over whom Force and Beauty reign together; but no improvement, it would seem, can ever be made over the simple primal leaf-form, which, however, is Proteus himself, and between this limestone-ivy, and the foliated brain of man, will appear in myriads on myriads of variations, deceiving many, confiding the secret of the Universe to eyes that know the 'light that never was on sea or land.'

Coming next to Washington Hall it is announced as the interesting spot where many exploring parties have taken their luncheon: whereupon our hamper is speedily opened and we soon stand with glasses of champagne in our hands ready to drink the toast which some one proposed — 'To G. Washington, Esquire, his Hall!' So far as we were concerned this might have exchanged names with the 'Revellers' Hall.' Going back a few hundred yards I enjoyed the fantastic looks and postures of the company, and their talk and laughter, wrought by the imps of echo into riotous noises, and I thought how easily such a scene would make the fortune of a manager could he reproduce it in some opera which has a revel of robbers or gypsies in it.

After this we ascend the 'Rocky Mountains,' then descend into the 'Dismal Hollow' — both names graphic — and pass on by an avenue which, bearing the name of Franklin, reminds us to be philosophical.

We came to rest in a beautiful white-fringed 'Bridal Chamber,' which revealed a Mentor among us, who reminded a newly wedded pair present of the analogy to married life furnished by the Cave: 'We enter it with mirth, but soon feel the impression of its solemn revelations. We find that the torch of Hymen lights us on to deeper and ever deeper realms of our own hearts and of life; lights us on, let it be admitted, to hard trials, rocky mounts, dismal hollows, but at last we are sure to come to — to' —

'Fat Man's Misery,' gently suggested the hopeless case of bachelorhood that we carried with us.

There are many fine halls then to be passed through — one which seems to have walls of jasper, another in which nitre most abounds, a third remarkable for flashing many brilliant colours, a fourth which has a ceiling made up of exquisite white rosettes, a fifth which in addition to the roses is entirely of a faint pink hue — until, by what seems to be in the brilliancy of its crystals a Valley of Diamonds, we reach what is called the Mællström, and is the end of the long route. The guide told us that only one man had ever been rash enough to descend the Mællström, and that he was never heard from again, though a dog that he took with him was found a week afterwards howling and almost famished near a village 15 miles distant. I have learned, however, lately,

that a gentleman was lowered by ropes and found the bottom at a depth of 175 feet, with various avenues leading from it.

His feat was celebrated by a poet of Kentucky, in the following lines:

Down, down, down,
 Into the darkness dismal,
 Alone, alone, alone,
 Into the gulf abysmal,
 On a single strand of rope,
 Strong in purpose and in hope,
 Lighted by one glimmering lamp,
 Half extinguished by the damp,
 Swinging o'er the pit of gloom,
 Into the awful stillness,
 And the sepulchral chillness.
 Lower into the Mællström's deeps,
 Where Nature her locked-up mysteries keeps.
 Lower him carefully,
 Lower him prayerfully —
 Lower, and lower, and lower,
 Where mortal hath never been before;
 Till he shall tell us, till he shall show
 The truth of the tales of long ago —
 And find by the light that his lamp shall throw
 If this be the entrance to Hell or no.

On our return we were taken through some of the finest halls and domes of the other route. At one point our guide collected our torches from us, bade us farewell, and in an instant vanished, leaving us in a darkness absolute enough to make one question whether a human being would not be suffocated by unmitigated night. We felt each other's quickened pulses as hand nervously clasped hand, and listened for some movement of the guide; but for a full quarter of an hour heard nothing but our own breathings and saw nothing. At last, as upon a distant horizon, rose the evening star, and soon, as from behind a lifting cloud of blackness, star after star came forth, the Milky Way shimmered along the vault, planets darted red and gold, the constellations — Pleiades, Orion, Cassiopeia's Chair, the Great Bear, — shone out, a comet with curved and pink faint train appeared, and now and then flashed a falling star. For a time it seemed that we must have been brought out of the Cave into some ravine, and were gazing into the heavens. It could not be apprehended at once by any of us that even the powerful Maya herself could so cheat the eye, and with a few candles light up such splendour as we now witnessed. It was magnificent, it was thrilling beyond all the sights I had ever seen, and I do not wonder that under it, Emerson conceived his admirable Essay on 'Illusion.' The Star Chamber gives one a new idea of that word, and of the corresponding Power whom the East worshipped as Yoganidra — 'the illusory energy of Vishnu,' traceable also in other mythologies. Even when it was announced that we were gazing on the most famous phenomenon of the Cave, we found it difficult to restrain our minds from an occasional suspi-

cion that we were being tricked by the guide instead of by the Cave, and that it was the real heaven of fires we were beholding.

Impressive was the lesson of higher and lower. What I tread under-foot may be, it seems, a star-sown sky to some lower earth.

The light of one whole day is much to pay for anything, but it was well laid out in seeing that superb vault alone, with its crystal galaxies. And yet the loudest shout of surprise and joy evoked from our party that day was when were next greeted by the burst of sunlight at the Cave's mouth. Whether it was that our eyes had been so long adapted to the vapours and glooms of the grotto, that they struck from the light, those colours which, according to Goethe, are but the minglings of white and black, or whether the resplendence of the ferns and bushes just sprinkled by a light summer shower; certain it is that we seemed to be gazing upon a cascade of many-hued jewels; and grand as had been the scenes beneath, we acknowledged that the culminating transformation-scene was at last wrought by the light of the day. 'There are,' said Damodara, 'none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon.' The eagerness with which we rushed into the sunshine once more, and our joy in it, seemed to hint at some old force in Nature leading the upward procession of forms, which through ever-refining senses have been in the ages emerging from under to upper worlds.

From the London Review.

ELIANISM.

THERE has been from the commencement of society a constant process of unseen husbandry going on in the world of mind. Seeds of thought are sown, harvests are reaped and gathered into garners. The fruit remains; and the value of the seed is estimated by its power of multiplication. Great husbandmen arise from time to time, and these fathers of distinct schools of thought and style, like founders of religious orders, pervade society with their disciples and institutions long after they have passed away. It is only as time goes on that the potency of their broadcast is found out. In their day, perhaps, they were small and mean. Their heads scarce rose above the furrows where they scattered their deathless seed; and even when they saw their work thriving, they little imagined how great would be its results. Men laughed and joked, no doubt, before the days of Queen Anne, yet Addison may fairly be styled the

father of English humourists. It was his, first to raise and ennoble humour, and to make it the vehicle of long trains of serious ideas. The novelists of a later period, taught by him, used it to solve social and political problems; but "Pamela," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," "Tristram Shandy," and "Gulliver" would never have existed if Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Swift had not moulded their various fictions after the models set them in "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Will Honeycomb," and the exquisite allegories and novelettes which the *Spectator* issued daily from Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. At last their humour became old-fashioned. It belonged to the time of ruffles and laced coats, and another patriarch of wits was wanted to amuse the public. About the year 1820, a middle-aged gentleman, in a rusty brown suit was seen daily passing to the East India House, in which he had long been a clerk. In his leisure hours he rambled from street to street in the heart of London, observing every quaint old building, and halting at every book-stall to pry into the mustiest volume he could find. He was known to few, and these for the most part were bookworms like himself. He had published a few poems of doubtful merit, but none of them would sell. He was a scarecrow to publishers and editors; but there were among his intimate associates two or three who knew his genius, and prevailed on him with much importunity to appear in the *London Magazine* as an essayist, under the name of "Elia." From that day Charles Lamb was known to fame; his friends multiplied; his rusty brown was exchanged for decent black; and the seed which he had cast so gently took deep root in the minds of less original but more popular humourists. There was this difference between Addison and Lamb, Addison's was the humour of wisdom and of principles, Lamb's that of the feelings and of sentiment. Addison spoke to the mind, Lamb went straight to the heart. Addison was always didactic, and sometimes entertained his subscribers with papers exactly like sermons — with meditations among the tombs of Westminster Abbey, or a discourse on the Passion, for Good Friday. Lamb, on the contrary, never preached. He was even less religious in his essays than in his own mind. His aim was simply to amuse. He left the moral of his stories to be inferred, eschewed the pedant, and depicted things as they are rather than as they should be. Addison wrote for a state of society less advanced, when much was to be learnt and

much to be reformed. Sometimes he was a moralist, sometimes a schoolmaster. Amid all his playfulness he never forgot the wants of his age. He had always an ideal before him, and described things as they ought to be. He ridiculed the follies of his time with a view to their reformation, and never thought it enough to convulse his audience with laughter unless, at the same time, he conveyed to them some wholesome instruction. His wit, his versatility, and dramatic power of delineating character, were copied by a host of admirers, but some of his most successful imitators lost sight of his moral purpose and frustrated, in some measure, his noblest end. In Lamb's case this was impossible. He had no ulterior object in view. He did not set up for a teacher of mankind. He had no system of philosophy to propound; but the very simplicity of his aim threw a charm over his writings, and concurred with the Lake school of poetry in its tendency to produce nature-loving and nature-depicting writers in prose and verse. We do not say that Lamb was so unlike Addison that he never imitated him. It would have been impossible for an essayist so deeply imbued with English literature as he was to write in total forgetfulness of that great master. In the very commencement of "Elia," in his account of himself and of the clerks, his former acquaintances in the South-Sea House, we are reminded of the first and second paper in the *Spectator*, where Addison gives so amusing a description of his own antecedents and of the different members of his club. But though Lamb imitated Addison in a degree, he did it like a master — as Shakspeare copied Plutarch, Cynthio, and Arthur Brooke — and was most original when most a plagiarist. The essays of "Elia," indeed, were so peculiar, so unlike all that had gone before, and so influential on all that was to follow, so pregnant and aromatic, so deep and refined, that they warrant us in using the term *Elianism*, and regarding it as an active principle in the world of letters. The father of serials, Charles Dickens, stands foremost among its disciples. His earlier years, like Lamb's, were passed at a desk, and in the throbbing thoroughfares of the great city. Before him, novelists in general relied on the exhibition of high life for the reader's amusement, but he, following the steps of Lamb, delighted to dwell on the experiences of the poor. He made a boots as interesting as a duke, and found angels of purity and mercy among strolling players. His heroes were adventurers without birth or fortune, penniless clerks or workhouse

boys. From crowds of ragamuffins and oddities he drew not only inexhaustible fun, but genuine pathos. He admired, he condescended, he treasured up in his memory such sketches as those of the *gag-eater* in Christ's Hospital, *Elias' Relations*, his Cousin Bridget, Sarah Battle, the Chimney-sweepers, the Beggars, the Old Actors, and the Old China of Lamb's Essays; and in the "Sketches by Boz," the "Pickwick Papers," the "American Notes," and "Pictures of Italy," with all his tales and novels, down to "Great Expectations" and the "Mutual Friend," he copied, without servile imitation, their broad outlines, rendering his figures, indeed, more grotesque than Lamb's, but ever jutting out in salient points, making humour and tender feeling run side by side, and often throwing in earnest protests against social abuses and wrongs. With all possible respect for that nobleman's good intentions, we maintain that "Boz" and his prototype have done more for the poor than Lord Shaftesbury a hundred-fold. But Dickens resembled Lamb also in his fertile conception of varied characters, though he did not, like him, reproduce pictures of himself, and call up beings in different shapes to speak the sentiments and display the feelings of one deep and beautiful mind.

He left this to Thackeray. In his writings we are continually reminded of Lamb. *Elianism* pervades them all, from "Vanity Fair" to the "Roundabout Papers." We see in every page the same affection for all animate, and most inanimate things, which dwelt in Lamb; the same love of old authors and imitation of their style; the same shrewd observation, keen wit, and delicate irony playing on the surface of philosophic meaning; and, above all, the same unfolding of his own heart and character in their peculiar gentleness and indulgence to the weaknesses of others. He is always autobiographical, and, like Elia in his essays, Thackeray gives us in each succeeding novel some fresh phase of his own life, experience, and thought. In the "Newcomes" we see him in his connection with artists, and in "Pendennis" we trace several stages of his literary career. His Parisian experience comes to light in "Philip," and his German in the "Newcomes" and "Barry Lyndon." "Pendennis," again, supplies us with pictures of his country and college life; while in the education of Pen, Clive, and Philip we are brought back to his schooldays at the Charter House. He cannot write a paper on the heroes and heroines of romance without describing the afternoon in July, on the day George IV.

was crowned, when he lay, a little boy, in his great-grandmother's garden, reading the "Scottish Chiefs," amid the great clanging of bells. Of every picture he paints he must form the foreground or the background, and no one complains of this disposal as an intrusion, nor calls him an egotist on that account. We love to hear him talk of himself, for he can seldom find anything better to talk about. We admire his confessions, which are ample as St. Augustine's, and the transparency of his soul, which equals Lamb's. He commends and censures himself with freedom and *naïveté*; and whether his eye is turned inward or on external objects, he seems always intent on stripping off disguise and piercing to the very heart and core. If he examined paintings, it was not so much to trace their artistic results as to discover the character of him who drew them. In his "Lectures on the Humourists," he dwells more on the authors themselves than on their works; and in his historical papers he deals less with the facts than with the men. He evokes the spirit of the times, and invests it with form and colour. He chases Psyche over every meadow, and, without ruffling the down on her wings, he captures her as she soars from the lips of dying men. He has a kind word to say for every one — except George IV. With intense aversions, he is brimful of charity; abhors distinctions of caste, identifies all unworthy actions and sordid emotions with snobbery; and, like Swift and Lamb, practices with consummate art "the grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition." Give him a character devoid of some one good quality, and he will make every action of that individual consonant with the defect, and also render the virtue that is wanting conspicuous by its very absence. This negative painting is very characteristic of Lamb, nor could any one study his "Popular Fallacies," or hear him describe the pleasures of poverty and sickness, without perceiving how exquisitely humorous a writer may be when saying persistently exactly what he does not mean. "Barry Lyndon" unites both these kinds of negative teaching. Barry himself is above the distinctions of vice and virtue, like the "Captain Dangerous" of George Augustus Sala, and the story is pervaded with grave irony very artfully concealed. It thus becomes a pungent satire, without losing the interest of a romance. Those who examine "Elia" carefully will find the germs of such conceptions neatly arranged as in the stores of a seedsman. Parity of suffering between Thackeray and Lamb only brought

out parity of lament. The insanity of Lamb's sister was the shadow of his existence; the loss of his wife was Thackeray's "rooted sorrow." The humour of each is tempered by incurable grief, and the wisdom that comes of sorrow tones down in both instances the wit that had else been too reckless and the colouring that had been too high. The pupil, it may be added, like his master, is a week-day, and not a Sunday preacher. He does not meddle with the highest theme; he leaves mysteries to the pulpit and the Church, and is content to enforce social virtues.

As with Dickens and Thackeray, so it is with other ingenious and popular humorists of latter days. They have all taken their cue from Lamb; and so far as their works contain humour without effort, and manifest feelings without disguise — so far as the moral lessons in them are implied rather than expressed — so far as the soul of things is extracted, the poor are sympathized with, and men, women, and children are painted to the life — in that measure precisely are they subjects of that rare, delicate, and kindly influence which we venture to call Elianism.

From the Spectator, 8th Dec.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE *résumé* of the President's Message flashed through the Atlantic cable by Reuter's agency is an exceedingly bad one. That great concern could surely have afforded a thousand words for a document which affects England and France more than any other State paper, a document so important that only its *ipsissima verba* are of any practical value. What lawyer wants a summary of an Act of Parliament? The President either has, or has not, menaced his own Congress, France, and England at one and the same time; and no one from simply reading this *résumé* could say confidently which. We presume the passage referring to Congress means that the President intends to remain impassive, to adhere to his own policy, to veto Bills against that policy, and then to see them passed into law by the two-third vote over his head, but this is only a presumption. The words may also mean that while he urges Congress to adopt his plan, he is still prepared to carry out another should Congress reject his, — a very mate-

rial difference. Then, as to England, Mr. Johnson says that "an early settlement of the Alabama claims is of the highest importance," but only the context can show whether this was a menace or not. It may have been, if the "importance" referred to the maintenance of friendly relations, and it may not have been if it referred only to the general principles of the neutrality laws. The paragraph may have meant, the "settlement is too important to international law to be long delayed," and it may have meant, "settle up, Sir, or take the consequences," phrases of very different significance. The paragraph about France certainly suggests a very unpleasant suspicion, particularly when read by the light of an official statement in the *Moniteur*. That journal affirmed that Mr. Johnson had censured General Sheridan for occupying Matamoros out of deference to France, but Mr. Johnson says the French have announced that their troops will occupy Mexico till the spring, and that he has remonstrated, urging France "to conform to existing engagements, and thus meet the just expectations of America," a very disagreeable mode of exhibiting consideration for France. Apart altogether from the Emperor's *amour propre* — and he is a Bonaparte, holding his throne by the tenure of success — Frenchmen will not like the national forces being hurried out of Mexico in this fashion, will greatly dislike yielding to compulsion so visible and peremptory. M. Forcade himself, who detests the Mexican expedition and the Empire, has by anticipation called such conduct "ungenerous," and the Imperialists will be apt to employ a harsher and stronger word. It is quite possible, is indeed very probable, that the context softens the phrases employed, telegrams being made snappish by their excessive condensation, but there is no proof in the bulletin that this was really the case. Any stock-jobber with a head who read this statement, but knew at the same time what Mr. Johnson had really said, could have made on Tuesday a fortune on the Paris Bourse alone, and the affairs of all Europe will be embarrassed for ten days by a doubt whether the President has not used words which a military nation could not honourably endure. We do not believe he has, but he may have done, and Frenchmen expect misfortune of some kind from this unlucky expedition. Messages of this kind turn the Atlantic cable into a European nuisance, and if repeated will, we trust, at last arouse the newspapers to abolish the monopoly of M. Reuter. The *Times* ought to be strong enough to protect the public

single-handed, but if it is not, let us have messages, as in America, addressed to an Associated Press, and thus at least know who is responsible for important information. If journalism had not lost much of its energy, the 1,000*l.* necessary to send 2,000 words would have been paid at once, and recouped by extra sale within three hours.

The Message contains, however, one distinct announcement, and it is to that we desire to call the attention of our readers. Liberals are told sometimes that they exaggerate the power of the American Union, that they are blinded, like its own people, by the mere vastness of its undeveloped resources. Well, ideas are stronger than armies, Bismarck notwithstanding, but still physical strength is an element in international politics, and what physical strength can rival that implied in the last line of this telegram? The surplus revenue of the Union for the year ending 31st May, the actual surplus of cash, half of it already collected, will amount to 31,600,000*l.* sterling. We English, who think ourselves the richest people in the world, whereas we only contain the richest middle class, are lucky when in an exceptionally prosperous year we have a surplus of one-tenth of that amount. It is actually more than the whole cost of our administration, civil, military, and naval, — of our fleets, armies, dockyards, Courts, and educational system, more than the whole interest on our National Debt, more than the whole revenue of Prussia, a power which has just conquered an empire without raising a loan. This monstrous surplus, moreover, has been raised not at the end of a period of prosperity, but immediately on the close of a terrible war, which had lasted four years, and had called at least two millions of men into the field. It is the surplus raised after an expenditure at least equal to that of Great Britain, and probably, when the State expenditures are included, very far greater. There is, too, no proof that it is in any way exceptional, or intended to last only for one year. In any other country we should say the taxes were oppressively high, but the Americans seem quite cheerful under their burden, buy as many luxuries, build as many houses, clear as many acres as ever. There has been no fall in the rate of wages, no symptom of popular discontent, no angry protest against this or that particular tax. The Customs will, it seems certain, speedily be increased, and as yet we hear of no great movement against the internal taxation, either in the shape of excise or income-tax. Indeed we think it unlikely that we shall hear. Ameri-

From the London Review, Dec. 8.

cans are very much moved by ideas, determined, above all things, to prove themselves a great and original people, free of the burdens imposed on the "old" European countries, and the notion of paying off the war debt, paying it at once, so that the young men who incurred it shall not be middle-aged when they are free from it, has taken a strong hold of the national imagination. They say they can pay it in ten years, and the enormous surplus with which they begin the work gives tenacity and substance to what might else be a vague and fluid hope. This year they had many expenses from the war. Next year they will probably have a surplus of 50,000,000*l.*, and will see their way distinctly to wipe off their debt before 1876 — a species of foresight which tends immensely to assist its own realization. Our statesmen have never made a serious effort to pay off the National Debt because they have never seriously considered it possible. Our people have never urged them because they have never even conceived that it could be paid in the life-time of the payers. An impression sometimes means a great deal in politics, and the American impression from their first large surplus will be that their debt is manageable, from which the deduction to a practical people is clear that it ought to be managed. A new war may interrupt the process, or the burden may become unendurable, but the swift extinction of the National Debt of the Union is among the possibilities, and the effect of such a feat will be felt throughout the world. It will be the greatest deed democracy has ever done, the one which will come most clearly home to property-holders, which will most rapidly dissipate the idea that democracy is distinguished by "an ignorant impatience of taxation," or by an indisposition to pay up honourable claims. No despotism will be able to show such a financial account, no constitutional monarchy a better one, and successful finance tells heavily with cultivated mankind. The tide of immigration will set in with double rapidity, and the last remaining deterrent to British North America will have been removed. Meanwhile, whether the dream is fulfilled or not, America, so long as she raises this surplus, possesses a force of which it is difficult to estimate the extent, can, for example, spend without a loan as much as the whole outlay of Great Britain upon her Army and Navy, can waste every year without increasing her taxes as much as the loan with which Napoleon paid for his Italian campaign.

THE financial condition of the country seems to be excellent; and an English Chancellor of the Exchequer who can with difficulty preserve a surplus of two or three hundred thousand pounds may well envy the more fortunate Minister who can induce his countrymen to leave him in a single year \$158,000,000 for the redemption of debt. The fact that the balance of receipts over expenditure for the year ending in June will amount to that sum (if the estimates of income are realized), is not a proof of the prosperity of the nation, but it is in the highest degree creditable to the public spirit with which it has conceived, and the firmness with which it has hitherto carried out the project of paying off, within a limited period, the enormous debt contracted during the war. It would be premature to express a confidence, which nevertheless we cannot help feeling, that the Americans will adhere to their resolution; but we may be permitted to express a hope that the Secretary of the Treasury will, as he anticipates, find himself in a position to resume specie payments in the course of next year. Turning to foreign affairs, the President seems to have descanted with pardonable pride upon the restoration of the United States to its former influential position in the family of nations. It was not the least of the trials they had to endure during the civil war, that their influence abroad was reduced to *zero*, and that their remonstrances were frequently treated with civil contempt in quarters where they had previously commanded entire respect. "Foreign nations have, however, lately shown more just consideration for the national character and rights." There is an unmistakable reference here to the conduct of France, 'in deliberately setting aside the Monroe doctrine when it appeared probable that the Confederate States would establish their independence, while she quietly withdraws from a position which has become untenable as soon as the United States have got rid of their domestic difficulty. It seems, however, to be questionable whether Mr Johnson is not pursuing his triumph over the Emperor Napoleon with impolitic harshness. There can be no doubt as to their relative position. Whether the Emperor Maximilian has or has not resigned — whether he be still somewhere in Mexico or has already left the country — there can be no doubt that his empire is at an end. There is no fear that the Emperor

Napoleon will attempt any new enterprise in the same quarter, for even if there were no other reason, the unpopularity which he has incurred in France, through the Mexican expedition, will be a sufficient caution to him to distrust any projects, however tempting, for extending the influence of the Latin race in the New World. Under these circumstances one would think that every effort should have been made to spare the French army needless mortification. Although a man be very well content to go, it is unpleasant and humiliating that all the world should see him kicked out. If the Emperor proposed to postpone the departure of his troops from Mexico until the spring, it can only have been with a view to make a somewhat more dignified exit: and perhaps to provide more completely for the safety of the French who may be left behind, and for the extraction of the Austrian legion from the very hazardous position in which—according to the last accounts—it was placed. A delay of a few weeks could not have signified to the United States; and we cannot help thinking that it was a little churlish in the President to persist upon the strict and literal fulfilment of the engagement entered into by the Paris Cabinet. We do not however suppose that any difficulty will arise on this head. The matter will probably be settled by some sort of compromise; but the sharp diplomatic correspondence which we gather to have taken place, will not tend to improve the relations between the two Cabinets.

Coming to the question of the *Alabama* claims, the President expresses his expectation that they will now be considered by England in a becoming and friendly spirit, although he states that in consequence of the change of Government but little progress had been made in arriving at a settlement. He observes that it is exceedingly desirable that this subject should be set at rest, and in that at least we fully concur with him. So long as the question remains open, it is clear that our relations with the United States will never assume a thoroughly cordial character. It is, however, impossible to overrate the importance of bringing about such a result; and, in order to attain it, we may well consent to make some sacrifice both of money and of *amour propre*. In spite of all the reasoning of Earl Russell and Sir Roundell Palmer, we fancy most Englishmen have an uneasy consciousness that all was not done that might have been done to prevent the *Alabama* leaving Liverpool; that all was not done that would

have been done if we had then expected the war to end as it eventually did. We do not much blame the then Government for their remissness, because the truth is, that through sympathy with "rebels" and "patriots" of all kinds on the continent of Europe, we had grown rather lax in the fulfilment of our international obligations. Still, we can hardly plead our own bad habits as a justification for failing in our duty to another nation; more especially at the very moment when we are showing, by the appointment of a Commission to inquire into our foreign enlistment laws, that we are aware of defects either in the laws themselves or the practice under them. When the question was raised during the Foreign Secretaryship of Earl Russell, the despatches of Mr. Seward were certainly of a kind well calculated to irritate a British Minister into standing strictly by what he conceived to be the letter of the law. We trust, however, that no such provocation has been given in the recent notes; and if they are couched in an amicable tone, we have no hesitation in saying that Lord Stanley would act wisely in reopening the whole question, with a view to a friendly arrangement. A country which refuses to send to arbitration a matter of international difference occupies, to say the least, a very doubtful position; and even if the investigation did involve an inquiry into the *bona fides* of the British Government, we scarcely think that our dignity would suffer more from that than from obstinately refusing to vindicate it before an impartial tribunal. At any rate, whether it did, or did not, it is, as we have already said, well worth our while to incur the risk, in view of the advantage which we might expect to gain.

From the Saturday Review, Dec. 8th.

FRANCE.

THE critics of the Second Empire think themselves now entitled to take a new line. They no longer try to explain that liberty is better than glory, and that an Emperor may be successful, and yet the nation he rules may be unhappy. They have something more gratifying to dwell on, and something to say the saying of which is much more pleasant. It has turned out at last, they assert, that the Empire is a failure. The success of LOUIS NAPOLEON has

broken down; and if he is not successful, what is he? They point to Italy, where France sees a new maritime Power rising to threaten her; to Rome, where an army of occupation has been protecting the POPE, only to leave him at last as unprotected as ever; to Algeria, where a half-starved feeble French colony struggles on, and where the French are actually obliged to ask the wretched Arabs to help them in governing the country. Then, on the other side of the great water, France has managed to get on bad terms with one of her firmest and best allies, and has had to retire in the most humiliating manner from an absurd attempt to set up a sham Emperor over the unwilling heads of a parcel of incorrigible knaves and fools. France, they go on to say, is no longer the first Power of the Continent. She has been cajoled by Prussia until it was safe to defy her; and now Prussia remakes the map of Europe, as French dreamers used once to dream that France was going to remake it. The smaller Powers no longer believe that France can or will help them; and Russia sees that she may have her own way in the East, for France went to Syria, but did not venture to stay there. All this, we are told, has been done under the Empire, and the Empire is, therefore, not worth its cost. There is indeed one use which France may make of the season of adversity through which she is passing. She may learn that she bartered her freedom for nothing. She could not be weaker or more despised, or show fewer marks of confidence in her own policy, if she were as free as the most liberal Constitution could make her. To this argument from utility it is to be hoped she will turn a willing ear, although she has learnt to be deaf to all the best arguments which the friends of liberty have been fond of using for many a long year. The French have not quarrelled with the Elect of December because he has demoralized them, or because he has cheated them with specious promises of what could never be realized. They have been told that Paris is a fine city, but very wicked; that the passion for display excited by the rule of a luxurious upstart is exceedingly bad for them; that the peasantry are degraded by being made to go through the transparent farce of universal suffrage; that no honest career is now open to high-minded politicians; and, generally, that French society has become blighted to the core under the present *régime*. They have been told all this, but apparently they have not cared much for it. The Empire gave them substantially what they

wanted, and this was all they were anxious for. But now they are going to be taught better things by the stern schooling of adversity. The Empire lived upon the tradition of its unvarying success, and now its success is at an end. M. JULES FAVRE, more especially, has just written a preface to a book in which he tells us he prophesied this failure; and neither as a prophet nor as a patriot can he be sorry that his prophecy has turned out to be true.

The Empire has now lasted fifteen years, for last Sunday was the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, and this is a long time for anything to have lasted in France; and, if it is to be known by its fruits, it ought to be known by this time. In some ways it is curious to think how long ago the *coup d'état* seems in the history of the Government which it founded, and how much, by mere lapse of time, the Empire may be said to have overcome the vices of its origin. Whether the Empire suits the French, or not, is exactly the question at issue; but undoubtedly the *coup d'état* scandalized Englishmen very much; and if Mr. KINGLAKE, in his celebrated digression, exaggerates the feeling which the crime of the Second of December awakened in most English breasts, he only exaggerates it; and perhaps he does not exaggerate what it once was, as treacherous memory might be apt to suggest. But the feeling of aversion with which the EMPEROR was once regarded has now passed away. We can judge him with tolerable fairness, and can perhaps pronounce an opinion as to his success as well as Frenchmen can. Has he really been unsuccessful? Is his Empire a failure? We must not, of course, deny that under any circumstances the Empire, being a standing insult to freedom, must be regarded as unsuccessful, for the success of bad things is not success. But this is not what M. JULES FAVRE, and those who think with him and write as he does, mean when they say that the Empire has failed. They mean something much more easy to discuss. They mean that the Empire has failed just as the First NAPOLEON failed when he tried to conquer Russia, and as the Southern States failed when they tried to set up a separate Confederacy. In this sense, is it true that the present EMPEROR has failed? To a certain degree, but only to a small degree, it is, we think, true. There was once a kind of charlatany in the language in which the EMPEROR was spoken of, and in which he spoke of himself. He tried to instil the notion that he was a man apart, a being under a particular star,

a born Saviour of Society, and other things of that vague high sort. He was supposed to have deep, dark designs, which he was going to work out at the expense of mankind, and which fate had decreed should invariably prosper. We in England were to have the chief benefit of this preternatural grandeur. He was to love us, and be our friend; and if any one did anything we did not like, he was to go with his wonderful armies and give the naughty person a sound moral lesson. A fated, oracular, invincible, incomprehensible person, executing the moral decrees of the *Times*, was the notion of the EMPEROR which, during the interval between the Italian and the Danish wars, dwelt in the breast of the susceptible and confiding British public. This is a dream that has now vanished. In France and out of France it is seen that the EMPEROR is but a man, that he makes many mistakes, that he trusts greatly to accident, that he is only a clever statesman, and that many other statesmen are, or have been, as clever. In this sense, then, he has failed, for he has to come off a pedestal of idolatry. He is thought of in England now kindly, and not unjustly, as a man who has done many wonderful things and some foolish ones, and who has played a great part in Europe with much credit, but not with any overwhelming glory, for several years.

But that he has failed, in the full sense in which M. FAVRE and other hostile critics assert that he has failed, seems quite untrue. If his reign is taken as a whole, it must be said to have been a successful one. He has made no conspicuous mistake, except in Mexico; and he made this mistake because he calculated wrongly as to the issue of the American war, and made the same error that nine out of ten intelligent men in every country of Europe made. The very criticisms of his opponents destroy each other. That which one party applauded as the sole redeeming feature of his career, the creation of Italy, the other party laments as an encouragement to evil-minded persons, and as a source of future hostility to France. It may be a good thing or a bad thing in itself, but no one can say that the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy has not been successful hitherto. Nor is it ever to be supposed that even a successful man can make things succeed which contain the seeds of failure in themselves. The French occupation of Rome is a failure, because the good government which it intended to set up cannot be set up, and there are no materials in an ecclesiastical Court out of which good government can come. Algeria is a

failure because the colony is destitute of resources, because the Arabs are too wild and too numerous to be subdued, because French colonists are not bold and self-relying enough under adversity to command success. The experiments of seeing whether the POPE could not be got to establish a decent Government, and of planting a settlement in Algeria, were not originally made by the EMPEROR. He took up the work of others, and all he had to do was to let these experiments be fairly tried. In securing this fair trial, the EMPEROR, more especially at Rome, seems to us not unsuccessful, but successful in a very high degree. He has succeeded in giving the POPE a thoroughly fair chance; he has succeeded in providing an Italian Power to take over the temporal power when the time is come for the change; and he has succeeded in making the priests feel that they are not to dictate to France, and that, when the legitimate purposes of the occupation of Rome are ended, the occupation shall end, whether the priests like it or not, and whether they flatter the Head of the French State in Scriptural language as they once used to flatter him, or denounce him in Scriptural language as they denounce him now. To have been able to do all this is surely one of the greatest successes of the EMPEROR's reign. This year, it must be admitted, he has not been successful with Prussia; for, although he was quite right not to plunge France into a war in order to appropriate scraps of German soil, yet he never meant to let things take the course they did, and he was even forced, it is said, to disappoint the hopes of assistance by holding out which to Austria he procured the cession from her of Venetia. All that can be said is, that he did not control the course of affairs as much as it was expected, and as he expected he would have done; but he ultimately adopted the course which he thought best for France, and he made his subjects see that he was right. This also was in its way a success, and we do not believe that the general confidence of the French nation in the EMPEROR, and in his ability to guide and control it, is, after all, by any means seriously shaken.

From the Saturday Review, Dec. 8

THE FRENCH DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

In a few days Rome will be relieved of the presence of the French garrison. What

the POPE means to do on their departure nobody appears to know, and wise people inform us that he does not know himself, and that nobody knows except his patron saint. Mr. PUFF, in the *Critic*, expresses his opinion that on great emergencies there is nothing like a prayer; and, actuated by a similar belief, the Papal authorities are very much in favour of a systematic course of public services, on the ground, probably, that revolutionary sentiments at Rome are a species of cattle plague. All the Madonnas and all the crucifixes are to be uncovered, in the hope, as a last resource, of a seasonable miracle. And if Italians in a large town were like Italians in the country, a winking statue or two might be of considerable service at the present time. The Romans, however, like the people in the neighbourhood of ancient Delphi, have seen too much of the oracle and its misdeeds to believe implicitly in its signs and wonders, and are probably incapable of being converted by extra masses or moving Madonnas. They have made up their minds to be governed for the future by laymen instead of Cardinals, and their reasons for this determination, though less historical than those assigned in the last mysterious pamphlet of the day, are not less unanswerable. It is to be hoped that their resolution will not display itself in any sudden outbreak of disorder. The enemies of Roman liberty are at present devoutly hoping that the POPE's subjects may commit themselves to some act of violence and discourtesy which may alienate immediately the public opinion of Europe. So much depends upon the question whether the POPE or the Romans will make the first false move, that the leaders of the Liberal party upon the spot, who have learnt wisdom by the experience of twenty years of reaction, will probably be careful and prudent. *Pro Nono* seems to have made all necessary preparations for the worst, and is said to have mapped out his journey already to Civita Vecchia. If the Romans are wise, they will not raise a finger, or a seditious cry which may serve as an excuse for his setting out. If His HOLINESS chooses of his own accord to desert the Vatican, neither France nor Europe can visit his caprices upon the shoulders of the people of Rome; but M. PERSIGNY was right when he warned the inhabitants of the Papal territory that the spectacle of the Head of the Catholic religion driven into exile by a revolution would be resented by Catholic Europe as a sort of scandal. With so delicate and critical a conjuncture Italians are not unfitted

to deal. They possess, as a race, an astonishing amount of political ingenuity and *finesse*, and are perfectly capable of playing a cool-headed game, when they are not led away by excitement. At such a game we should not be surprised to see them get the better of Cardinal ANTONELLI himself, for Cardinal ANTONELLI's manoeuvres are liable to be at any moment disconcerted by the pious fancies of his master. However, the Cardinal Minister may cast his net, there is always a strong probability that the Blessed VIRGIN may warn the POPE, in a dream, that Civita Vecchia is the place for him to go to. If his flight is voluntary, and not forced on him by turbulent demonstrations at Rome, the Italian Liberals are secure of victory.

The policy adopted meanwhile by Baron RICASOLI deserves general praise. The olive-branch held out by him, against the wishes of the extreme party of Progress, to the malcontent Catholic Bishops, may not be accepted by the Vatican; but every sign of a moderate and conciliatory spirit displayed at Florence is so much gain to the Italian cause. In the event of disturbances at Rome, Italian troops will probably cross the frontier, not to assist, but to extinguish them, and to protect as much of the POPE's power as it is intended he should retain. A second French occupation would, among its other evils, be a serious blow to the Italian Monarchy. Violent agitation in Northern and Central Italy might very likely be the result, and VICTOR EMMANUEL is not so firmly seated in his saddle that he can afford to submit to humiliation. NAPOLEON III., who knows the Italians, is aware doubtless of the danger which a new French invasion would bring upon the dynasty, and will not be in a hurry to give the revolutionists of Italy an unnecessary chance of shaking public order. *Frappez fort, et frappez vile*, is said to have been the EMPEROR's advice to CAVOUR on a somewhat similar occasion, and the conduct of Roman affairs, if need be, will be taken by the Florence Government out of the hands of local agitators. The new mission which is said to be on the eve of starting for Rome to renew the negotiations of last year is designed, we may suppose, to effect the same end as the recall of the exiled Bishops. That M. VEGEZZI should feel indisposed, or unable, to accompany it, is a matter of regret. The skill and dexterity with which he discharged, in 1865, the difficult task assigned to him were most remarkable; and though his mission led to no immediate good, it was a striking personal success.

Perhaps he is unwilling a second time to undertake what he conceives to be a fruitless task. Though the Italian Government is ready, if report speaks truly, to make ample and honourable concessions, it cannot guarantee to the Papacy all the political rights in the North and South of Italy which it demands, and, in the lifetime of the present PONTIFF, the Catholic Church will continue, we fear, to insist upon impossible conditions. But no small end will be achieved if it is made plain that the fault of a rupture does not rest with the Cabinet or the Parliament of Florence.

Meanwhile the POPE has composed, and is on the eve of launching, another thundering Encyclical. As Sir GEORGE BOWYER has explained, His HOLINESS never curses anybody; nor are his Encyclicals to be taken as amounting to more than a strong religious manifesto. Nature, as ANACREON says, has given horns to bulls, and she has in the same way given Encyclicals to Popes. The Italians will not resent his using the one weapon which is most natural to him, nor will they, if they are wise, regard the coming thunderbolt as an interruption to the harmony of the proposed negotiations. No Bull, indeed, ever issues from the quiver of the Vatican which is not aimed, *inter alia*, at some part of the established law of France, Italy, or other European kingdoms; nor does Rome shrink from denouncing the legal restrictions which statesmen everywhere have found it necessary to impose upon her ambition. But, except when interference is imperatively demanded to protect the majesty of the law, Italian politicians will probably follow the example of the French, and treat lightly and pleasantly what amounts to very little more than a very angry and abusive sermon. Rumour, indeed, in spite of the promised Encyclical, goes so far as to predict an approaching interview between the POPE and VICTOR EMMANUEL; not at Rome itself, but somewhere upon the Roman frontier, and possibly at Civita Vecchia. A meeting of the sort would be of advantage, as a sign of growing friendliness between the two Courts; but the King of ITALY, with all his virtues, is scarcely fitted to play a shining part either in a highly religious or in a highly diplomatic conversation. That no acrimonious feeling has been exhibited by the Florence Cabinet, from first to last, is tolerably clear. Archbishop MANNING, with more than Ultramontane casuistry, represented to his indulgent audience on Thursday last that the question in Italy virtually was, whether the POPE or VICTOR EMMAN-

UEL was to be the Head of Christ's Church and whether a Royal supremacy should be substituted for the supremacy of the Vatican in matters of religion. Another speaker, with equal solemnity "asked" whether the POPE was "to be the domestic chaplain" of the King of ITALY, and dwelt on the "benignity" of the Pontifical Government at Rome. If the Italian Executive were to accept one twentieth part of the propositions put into their mouths by Ultramontanists, there would be slight hope of anything but perpetual ill-feeling between the civil and religious powers. Whether, after all attempts on the part of the Italian and French Cabinets, a violent rupture with the Vatican is now about to take place, must depend on the present occupant of St. Peter's Chair. Though old, obstinate, and infatuated, Pío Nono is a good and a kindly man. Whatever step he takes will doubtless be taken in sincerity. But it is a pity that, at so serious a crisis, the Vatican is not under the guidance either of a statesman or a man of common sense. Councillor TONELLO's expedition is in one way a good omen, as tending to prove that the POPE has not as yet made up his mind to any desperate and perhaps irremediable measure.

From the Spectator.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S LECTURES.*

THIS is a book which, popular as it is, few men could *review*, in the sense of criticizing it from the point of view of larger knowledge. From us, at all events, such criticism is impossible; but the appreciation of the learner is perhaps more useful with regard to books of this nature, than exact estimation by the learned; for while there are thousands who will be glad to know what they can learn from Sir John Herschel, there are but a few who could judge of the truth of any criticism passed upon him by any one who had any pretence to rank on a level with him in knowledge of the physical sciences.

There are but few scientific men who translate the knowledge of their understanding into the language of the imagination with so much ease and simplicity as Sir John Herschel. Without any strain of

* *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, K. H. London Strahan.

manner, with that facility which seems to imply that he never ascertains any scientific fact without attempting, so far as it is possible, to realize what it actually means in some simple, practical illustration, he paints picture after picture from the wonderful discoveries made known to us by the study of the physical forces at work on the earth and in the heavens, and of the laws of light and heat, and yet it is never mere pictorial physics; the motive of every picture is never to astonish, but only to help the learner to realize at once the truth, and also the method of reasoning by which the knowledge of the truth has been attained. Sir John Herschel's whole type of thought is opposed to the dominant school of philosophy, which seeks to get rid of 'cause' altogether, and to speak of nothing but 'sequences.' In one of these lectures or essays he avows his absolute disbelief that 'force, can anyhow be got rid of and resolved into mere motion; and this assumption is really at the bottom of the charm of his philosophical style. He is always trying to show actual phenomena in their causes, to give us such a grasp of the scientific facts of the universe as only a man can have who believes that real forces exist behind the changes we see. There is nothing of what is ordinarily called *picturesque science* in his essays; though he makes us realize all he tells, it is for the sake of more clearly understanding the operative powers, and not for the sake of dazzling the imagination, that he describes. A purely intellectual kind of vividness marks the style of all these lectures.

The first and one of the most interesting is on earthquakes and volcanos as a *restorative and conservative force* in nature. Sir John Herschel shows that the sea by constant friction wears away the land and carries off a great deal of its soil to the ocean bed, thus thickening the superincumbent weight over one part of the crust of the earth and thinning it over another. This increasing inequality of pressure, this added pressure in one part and diminished pressure in another neighbouring part, produces a tendency to crack somewhere near the sea-coast. Whenever such a crack takes place "down goes the land on the heavy side and up, on the light side," and by virtue of the interior gaseous pressure the land regains in elevation above the sea what the bottom of the ocean sinks, and wherever there is a volcano or open chimney, quantities of solid matter are vomited forth as if to make up for what falls into the chasm elsewhere. Here is the destructive process:—

"What the sea is doing the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sand-banks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, twice as much solid substance *weekly* as is contained in the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The Irawaddy sweeps off from Burmah 62 cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year; and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the world of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beechy Head, running inland to Madamscourt Hill and Seven Oaks? All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk-beds. Now, geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that ALL our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea."

And then Sir John Herschel describes the restorative process,—how the whole coast line of Chili for 100 miles, with the Andes that border it, were hoisted at one effort from two to seven feet above its former level on the 19th November, 1822; how in 1819 in India the territory of Cutch, for fifty miles long and sixteen broad, was hoisted up ten feet above its former level; and in 1538 the whole coast of Pozzuoli, near Naples, was reared twenty feet, and remains at that height to this day. In some cases Sir John Herschel shows that the process goes on not by fits and starts, but by gradual and very slow upheaval, as in the case of the floor of the Baltic sea, which is rising up out of the sea at the rate of two feet per hundred years. Active volcanos, which are the chimneys by which, in the case of great cracks in the soil of the earth, the imprisoned gases escape, bringing with them quantities of fused solid substances, are almost always, says Sir John Herschel, near the sea-coast,—just because the sea is the power which thins away one part of the crust of the earth and thickens another, so as to tend to produce a crack:—

"Well, now, it is a remarkable fact in the history of volcanos, that there is hardly an instance of an *active volcano* at any considerable distance from the sea-coast. All the great volcanic chain of the Andes is close to the western coast line of America. Etna is close to the sea; so is Vesuvius; Teneriffe is very near

the African coast; Mount Erebus is on the edge of the great Antarctic continent. Out of 225 volcanos which are known to have been in actual eruption over the whole earth within the last 150 years, I remember only a single instance of one more than 320 miles from the sea, and even that is on the edge of the Caspian, the largest of all the inland seas — I mean Mount Demawend, in Persia."

To think of earthquakes and volcanos as a conservative and restoring force is a new conception to some of us; but unquestionably Sir John Herschel does show that they retard the destructive forces of the sea in grinding away the land into fine sand and dust on its own bottom, and does much to thrust out of the sea at one place what has been washed into it at another.

The lectures on the sun, and the comets, and celestial weighings and measurings are full of still more striking and graphic description. Not, indeed, that they tell us anything that has not often been told before, but that they realize in so simple and forcible a way much that had before been rather abstract figures and general statements, than conceptions representable to the mind's eye. Take this, for instance, as realizing the actual brightness of the sun: —

"Let me say something now of the *light* of the sun. The means we have of measuring the intensity of light are not nearly so exact as in the case of heat—but this at least we know—that the most intense lights we can produce artificially, are as nothing compared *surface for surface* with the sun. The most brilliant and beautiful light which can be artificially produced is that of a ball of quicklime kept violently hot by a flame of mixed ignited oxygen and hydrogen gases playing on its surface. Such a ball, if brought near enough to appear of the same size as the sun does, can no more be looked at without hurt than the sun—but if it be held between the eye and the sun, and *both* so enfeebled by a dark glass as to allow of their being looked at together—it appears as a black spot on the sun or as the black outline of the moon in an eclipse, seen thrown upon it. It has been ascertained by experiments which I cannot now describe, that the brightness, the intrinsic splendour, of the surface of such a lime-ball is only 146th part of that of the sun's surface. That is to say, that the sun gives out as much light as 146 balls of quicklime *each the size of the sun*, and each heated *all over its surface* in the way I have described, which is the most intense heat we can raise, and in which platina melts like lead."

— and then in a further section Sir John Herschel tells us that the nucleus or kernel of the sun itself, at an immeasurable depth beneath its intensely luminous photosphere,

emits so little light as to appear, in the comparison, quite black, "though that does not prevent its being in as vivid a state of fiery glare as a white-hot iron; when we remember what has been said of the lime light appearing black against the light of the sun's surface. And it is a fact, that when Venus and Mercury pass across the sun, and are seen as round spots on it, they do really appear sensibly blacker than the blacker parts of the spots;" so that even the kernel of the sun is probably a luminous body, though so much *less* luminous than its outer envelopes as to seem quite dark in the comparison.

The chapter on comets is perhaps the most interesting and romantic in the book. The vivid description which Sir John Herschel gives of the adventures of the different comets, of the sad way they get misled and thrown out of their own individual career by the immense bulk of the planet Jupiter whenever they come too near him, — projected sometimes towards the sun and sometimes away from him, as it may happen, — acted upon without apparent reaction, changed from comets of one period of revolution to comets of a very different period, — is much more interesting than most novels; and the speculation as to the probable constitution of comets with which he concludes, is a dream of quite new philosophical possibilities. But take, first, this exquisite little bit of cometary biography: —

"On the 27th February, 1826, Professor Biela, an Austrian astronomer of Josephstadt, discovered a small comet. When its motions were carefully studied it was found by M. Clausen, another of those indefatigable German computists, that it revolved in an elliptic orbit in a period of six years and 8 months. On looking back into the list of comets, it proves to be identical with comets that had been observed in 1772, 1805, and perhaps in 1818. Its return was accordingly predicted, and the prediction verified with the most striking exactness. And this went on regularly till its appearance (also predicted) in 1846. In that year it was observed as usual, and all seemed to be going on quietly and comfortably, when, behold! suddenly on the 13th of January it split into two distinct comets! each with a head and coma and a little nucleus of its own. There is some little contradiction about the exact date. Lieutenant Maury, of the United States' Observatory of Washington reported officially on the 15th having seen it double on the 13th, but Professor Wichmann, who saw it double on the 15th, avers that he had a good view of it on the 14th, and remarked nothing particular in its appearance. Be that as it may, the comet from a single became a double one. What domestic

troubles caused the secession it is impossible to conjecture, but the two receded farther and farther from each other up to a certain moderate distance, with some degree of mutual communication and a very odd interchange of light—one day one head being brighter, and another the other—till they seem to have agreed finally to part company. The oddest part of the story, however, is yet to come. The year 1852 brought round the time for their re-appearance, and behold! there they both were, at about the same distance from each other, and both visible in one telescope. The orbit of this comet very nearly indeed intersects that of the earth on the place which the earth occupies on the 30th of November. If ever the earth is to be swallowed up by a comet, or to swallow up one, it will be on or about that day of the year. In the year 1832 we missed it by a month. The head of the comet enveloped that point of our orbit, but this happened on the 29th of October, so that we escaped that time. Had a meeting taken place, from what we know of comets, it is most probable that no harm would have happened, and that nobody would have known anything about it. It would appear that we are happily relieved from the dread of such a collision. It is now (February, 1866) overdue! Its orbit has been recomputed and an ephemeris calculated. Astronomers have been eagerly looking out for its re-appearance for the last two months, when, according to all former experience, it ought to have been conspicuously visible, but without success, giving rise to the strangest theories. At all events, it seems to have fairly disappeared, and that without any such excuse as in the case of Lexell's, the preponderant attraction of some great planet. Can it have come into contact or exceedingly close approach to some asteroid as yet undiscovered; or peradventure, plunged into and got bewildered among the ring of meteorolites, which astronomers more than suspect?"

Here is a comet dividing, as, it is said, worms cut in two will do, into two quite independent comets, which sail as consorts for a few years in the sky, return at the right moment still in company, and then, when they are expected back once again, plunge into invisibility as if they had both gone down together in a squall of the celestial firmament. Singular and most fascinating in its suggestion of philosophic vistas is Sir John Herschel's final speculation as to the sun's probable analysis of the matter of which comets are composed into two components,—one, matter on which the sun exercises an attractive force as it does on the material of all our planets,—and the other, matter composing a great part of what is called the tail of the comets, on which the sun's in-

fluence is not attractive, but repulsive, and which recedes further and further into space as the head of the comet approaches the sun. Sir John Herschel suggests that, just as St. Clair Deville has shown that the chemical affinity between the oxygen and hydrogen of which water consists is so much weakened by a very high temperature, that "the mere difference of difficulty in traversing an earthenware tube suffices to set them free of one another," so the action of the sun's heat might weaken sufficiently the atomic bond of union between that portion of the cometary matter which the sun attracts and that portion which it repels, that at every return to the neighbourhood of the sun a good deal of the matter liable to repulsion by the sun should be cast off into space, and the rest more and more contracted till it settles down into the comparatively hard nucleus of a planet. The plausibility of this theory is that those comets which have very little or no tails, like Encke's comet, always contract after passing round the sun (passing through perihelion), and expand again as they get to a distance. Sir John Herschel suggests that at each visit this temporary evaporation, as it were, of a portion of their bulk, weakens its bond of union with the nucleus of the comet, till at last it is cast off wholly into space. What a train of speculation the mere existence of elements in cometary matter liable to repulsion from the sun, instead of attraction to it, suggests! If any such elements of matter linger bound up in ordinary planetary or (say) terrestrial matter, they might be set free by some future change, and if the bodies of rational beings could ever be made of such matter, they would, instead of being confined, as all bodies we know are, to the earth and solar system by the law of gravitation, be, by the very force of repulsion, projected into universes beyond the solar universe to which we belong. At present the highest idea we have of physical impossibility is of corporeal frames getting beyond the attraction of the earth, and still more, of the solar central force; but if there be a sort of matter imprisonable in gravitating matter, and yet also separable from it, which, when separate, is simply repelled by the sun,—then there is a kind of material frame which might (conceivably) be made in this system, and yet made by the law of its nature to travel out of it.

We have noted but one or two points in a book of a most profound and romantic scientific charm. We leave our readers to find out innumerable others for themselves.

From the Examiner.

On Sherman's track; or, the South after the War. By John H. Kennaway, M. A., Balliol College, Oxford. With Illustrations. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

PLEASANTLY and impartially, Mr. Kennaway here relates his experiences of travel during last autumn through the Southern and Northern States. His first visit was to Canada. Thence he proceeded to Chicago, intending to see New York and the other great cities. But at Chicago he met with General Sherman, who advised a journey to the South. The advice was taken, and this book is the result. The following sketch of Sherman himself is a sort of preface to it:

The General's career is curiously illustrative of the versatility or restlessness of the American character, as also of the great variety of occupation which offers to a man of energy in that country. Born in Ohio in 1820, he graduated at the age of twenty at the Military Academy of West Point, after the usual four years' course; and having been engaged in active service in Florida and California, he gave up his commission in 1853, and entered a bank at St. Louis, where he quickly amassed, and as quickly lost, a large fortune. We next hear of him as a farmer, then as a lawyer in Kansas, till, just before the war, he is filling the office of President of a Military Academy in Louisiana, with a good salary: this he resigned on the passing by that State of the ordinance of secession, and returned to St. Louis to become superintendent of a street railway, the last stage in his career before re-entering the armies of the United States. There his course has been marked with signal success. His brigade was the only one which retired in order from the rout at Bull's Run. To him Grant avowedly attributes the success of the affair at Pittsburg landing. At Shiloh, and in the operations at the siege of Vicksburg, he displayed the greatest vigour, and showed signs of talent of the highest order. Promoted to the command of the army of Tennessee, he took part in the battle of Mission Ridge; and finally was placed at the head of the division of the Mississippi on the appointment of General Grant, in March, 1864, to the rank of lieutenant-general, with command of all the armies of the United States. With a force under him numbering nearly one hundred thousand men full of confidence in their leader, Sherman set forth from Chattanooga on the 6th of May, 1864, on a march which was to lead him, for hundreds of miles, into the very heart of the Confederacy; through States which had never had the war brought home to them, or even seen the blue uniform of their Yankee foes; by the forges of Atlanta and Marietta; through the cotton-fields and the pine-forests of Georgia to the rice-swamps of Savannah: where, after a pause, but as it were to gain breath and to take counsel with the authorities at Washing-

ton, he set forth again with his army refreshed and rejoicing that the hour had at length come when the haughty spirits of South Carolina should themselves experience some of the miseries they were so ready to bring upon others: and yet on through the dreary swamps and pine-barrens of North Carolina, till his victorious progress was crowned by the surrender, at Goldsborough, on the 26th of April, of General Joe Johnston, his old antagonist — a foeman "worthy of his steel;" and it only remained to his army to receive at Washington, on the 23rd of May, the applause of a grateful country, as they marched up Pennsylvania Avenue the heroes of the day — though the army of Richmond was there — and distinguished above all others by the unanimous tribute of respect paid by the President, and the party of all nations occupying the stand in front of the White House, who, with one consent, rose to their feet as they passed, and welcomed the veterans home.

Full of admiration for the conqueror, Mr. Kennaway travelled south, with the intention of making special study of his tactics and their successful working. That gives his book a particular interest. It is chiefly interesting, however, as a gossiping account of the condition of society as he found it in the United States. He says much — though little that is cheering — about the negro question. The place of the negroes among the white men he considers to have been fairly defined by one of themselves, who said, "If, when I was a slave, I had tumbled overboard the steamer, the boat would have been stopped; and I should have been picked up, put by the fire to dry, because I was *property*, and then given a thousand lashes for falling overboard. Now, if I fall over — 'Oh, it's only a cursed nigger! Go ahead!' and I never should have got picked up at all." That it is not always so, however, appears from this letter written by a planter of Louisiana, during the war "a persistent, bitter, and uncompromising Secessionist":

Last season I worked my hands by means of an overseer, and all the trouble and tumult common among the other negroes and upon the other plantations ensued. I made up my mind that it was all the fault of the overseer, a good enough man in his way — better than the average; but, like the rest, he persisted in ignoring the change that had taken place in affairs, and worked on the old system. So *this* season I resolved to go into the field myself. I told my hands at the commencement of the season just what I would do for them, just what I expected them to do for me. They raised sweet potatoes, eggs, and chickens on their own account. I fed and clothed them, and paid them so much. I have not had the least trouble. They have

uniformly treated me with respect, as I have them with justice. They are all perfectly satisfied with their year's work, and I expect to pursue exactly the same course next season, and have no doubt I shall get along just as well. I should not go into the field with my negroes myself if necessity did not compel me to it: it has compelled me to it; and it will compel me to it for many years to come, I expect. I have about eighty head of negroes. Of these, only some twenty odd work in the field; the rest are too old or too young, or house-servants. At fifty cents a-pound for cotton I can afford to support not only the negroes but their families. If cotton falls I shall explain to my hands, and they will comprehend me, that not receiving so much, I cannot afford to give them so much. I am willing always to make a fair division with them.

If the blacks of the South are in a bad way, they are hardly worse off than their masters. This is from another private letter, by a South Carolinian:

I doubt if you have any idea of the poverty of the people. The land may be restored, but where can its ruined owner procure money to pay taxes, erect buildings, and hire freedmen? Our young men are gone to work in earnest. We are proud to see them engaged in teaching, ploughing, waggoning, keeping grocery-stores; in short, doing anything, and doing it cheerfully. Ours is a poverty of which no one is ashamed, and of which very few complain. We are willing to bear it, and its universality makes it more tolerable. When I know that the most refined and intelligent women in the State, deserted by their deluded servants, are doing all kinds of housework — sweeping, dusting, making beds, and even in some cases cooking and washing — it is much easier for me to iron the towels my little son has washed, while I turn occasionally a laughing eye towards the fire-place, where an invalid gentleman (son of a former Governor) is engaged in churning! I must confess that his attempt furnished us with more amusement than butter. For, believing this state of things to be only temporary, we make merry over it, compare notes with our friends, and boast of our success in these untried fields.

Many refugee ladies feed their families by exchanging the contents of their wardrobes for articles of food. "How are you? sisters?" said I last summer to a young man who had left home to become a tutor. "Their complexions look badly," was the reply; "but that is not surprising, when you consider how long they have been eating old frocks." "Have they any lights?" was my next query. With perfect gravity he replied, "No; when the moon does not shine, they go to bed by lightning." But matters are mending. In this very family light wood has superseded lightning in the chambers, and in the parlour a small petroleum lamp (price one dollar) diffuses light and happiness around.

But there are cases over which no one can laugh. I know of a family whose property was counted by hundreds of thousands, who have not tasted meat for months. A gentleman of high scientific attainments, formerly professor in a college, is literally trying to keep the wolf from the door by teaching a few scholars, one of whom, a girl of sixteen, pays a quart of milk per diem for her tuition. Innumerable widows, orphans, and single women, whose property was in Confederate bonds, are penniless, and are seeking employment of some kind for bread.

On the whole, our people are bearing their trials bravely and cheerfully; but so widespread is the ruin, that, even if the new system works well, it will take at least half a century to put us where we were.

But that the Americans North and South, are coming nobly out of their sharp trials is clear to every one. The political strife is not followed by an instant calm; but seeing of what metal are its citizens, who shall despair of the Republic?

From the Examiner.

Familiar Words; an Index Verborum or Quotation Handbook, with Parallel Passages, of Phrases which have become imbedded in our English Tongue. By J. Hain Friswell. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Low, Son, and Marston.

THIS second edition of *Familiar Words* is greatly enlarged and enriched. Errors of press have been corrected, and the book is by far the best of its kind in the English language. Every man who has made such a book has made some use of the similar work of his predecessors. The American Mr. Bartlett made very indiscriminate use of an English predecessor. Mr. Friswell has made indiscriminate use of nobody else's work. His arrangement is thoughtful, is his own, and is the best that has been made; his verifications and amplifications are his own; and he has vastly added to the number of the *Familiar Quotations* thus registered and referred to their right source by labour that we know, from its results, must have been close and unremitting. The new edition contains the same number of pages as its predecessor, but the type is smaller, so that there is room made for very considerable additions.

Here is a specimen page that we take at random:

ROD—ROME.

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Rod—He shall rule them with a *rod of iron*
Rev. ii. 27

Roderick—Art thou a friend to *Roderick*?

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. iv. st. 30.

Rogues—When rogues fall out, honest men get their own.—In a case before Sir Matthew Hale, the two litigants unwittingly let out that at a former period they had in conjunction leased a ferry to the injury of the proprietor, on which Sir Matthew made the above remark.

Roll—I am not in the *roll of common men*.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV.*, part i. act iii. sc. 1.

Roll—Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 179.

Roman—My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a *Roman Senate* long debate

Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?

ADDISON, *Cato*, act ii. sc. 1.

Roman—This was the noblest *Roman* of them all.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 5.

Romans—The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well.

Ibid, act v. sc. 3.

Rome—If *Rome* can pardon sins, as *Romans* hold,

And if those pardons can be bought and sold,
It were no sin t' adore and worship Gold.

ROCHESTER, *On Rome's Pardon*.

Rome—When at *Rome*, do as *Romans* do."*

Now let us put the book to a rough test by comparing that page with the corresponding part of the preceding edition. We find that, in addition to the quotations formerly accounted for, we have the origin of the saying, "When Rogues fall out, Honest

Men come by their own;" the quotation from Rochester, "If *Rome* can pardon sins;" and the citation from Jeremy Taylor's 'Ductor Dubitantium,' added to the preceding note to the phrase, "When at *Rome*, do as the *Romans* do." As the proportion of new matter allows about this average quantity to a page, we may safely say that the work involved in this retouching of one page, if multiplied by 370, will give a measure of the care and pains bestowed upon the new edition. And this still leaves a most painstaking revision of the index unaccounted for.

From the Saturday Review.

LOVE-LETTERS.

If the Civil Service Commissioners wished thoroughly to test the literary power of any candidate who was at their mercy, they could not subject him to a more searching ordeal than by setting him down to write a model love-letter. The species of composition is one with which most men, in the course of a long and chequered career, become familiar. If they have not got to write love-letters of their own, the chances of life or of a profession bring them generally into contact with the love-letters of other people; and general experience agrees in this, that there is no branch of literature so universally cultivated to so very little purpose or use. Love-letters ought, on theory, to be full of genius. They contain, or are supposed to contain, the young gushing of nature and of the heart. And it is very much in favour of the writers that they write in moments of considerable exaltation, and mean what they write to be seen only by one pair of liquid eyes. At such a task one would think only a very stupid man could fail; but, on the contrary, one finds that very few men succeed. Perhaps, at the time it is not of much consequence whether the author is fortunate in a literary point of view or not, as the only critic to whom his efforts are submitted is usually blindly partial, and perhaps not much of a literary judge. But as clever women every now and then are fascinating, and men do happen sometimes to fall in love with them, it is necessary to have some sensible views as to what a letter of the sort, directed to a competent critic, should contain. And inasmuch as, in the present condition of society and the law, nobody can be quite certain that

* St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at *Rome* on Saturday), he consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at *Milan* they did not fast on Saturday; and the answer of the *Milan* Saint was this:

"When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at *Rome*, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando *Rome* sum, jejuno Sabbato."—ST. AUGUSTINE, ep. xxxvi. To *Casulanus*.

In Jeremy Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, 3rd edition, p. 25, we find the following paragraph on case of conscience:

"He that fasted on Saturday in *Ionia* or *Smyrna* was a schismatick; and so was he that did not fast at *Milan* or *Rome* upon the same day, both upon the same reason;

Cum fueris *Rome*, Romano vivito more,
Cum fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi:
because he was to conform to the custom of *Smyrna* as well as that of *Milan*, in the respective dioceses."

his love-letters may not hereafter be published, either for the benefit of the newspapers or for posterity, it is important that Englishmen should begin to give their minds to doing their epistolary duties well, and in a manner calculated to bring no disgrace upon themselves or their education. What ruins most love-letters is not the sentiment, or the unworldliness that underlies them, so much as the adherence to a kind of common form which is not by any means based upon the rules of the highest art. The love-letters of tradesmen and half-educated people, whenever they turn up in the papers, are always full of little commonplaces which the writers appear to consider appropriate to the situation. They never seem able quite to make up their mind whether it is the correct thing to call the beloved object thou or you; and the second person singular and the second person plural keep blundering up against one another in a manner that must be heartrending to any young tradesman's mistress who is anything of a grammarian. There is something about the correspondence of lovers who belong to this class of life that reminds the reader of a valentine. It is the correct thing apparently among them to engage in a periodical correspondence, and the British tradesman does it without a murmur; but his share in it generally consists of assurance that when he got back to his shop after leaving the lady of his affections he could not sleep a wink, but that even in the dark watches of the night he is "thine, fondly thine." The young milliner to whom it is addressed is far better pleased that these little common forms should not be left out. Love-letters, like a trousseau, a wedding breakfast, and a trip to Gravesend, are the proper incidents of courtship and of marriage. Other young milliners have had them, and it would be a painful thing to think they were to be omitted. The happy tradesman is bound to gratify so harmless a sentiment of feminine dignity; and flourishes away with his thee's and his thou's in order to keep pace with his and his fair mistress's conceptions of what a love-letter ordinarily is, and what it is designed to be.

The love-letters of educated people are doubtless less grotesque; but educated people have their own common forms, which to cold and rational observers would appear possibly little less ridiculous in the long run. The poetry of the times had a good deal to say to the love-letter of the period. Girls who are tolerably well read know by heart all the routine of love-making long before they ever come to be seriously in love. They have seen about it in Byron and in

Tennyson, and have sung a good deal about it in connection with the moon, and with all sorts of angels and of flowers, at the piano. As soon as the fated hour of a lifelong attachment comes, they settle themselves down to realize all that they have heard of, and a love which had not a good deal of moon and flowers and angels about it would not seem to them love at all. The first thing that a woman likes when she is being courted is to be called something like what amateur musicians are always calling one another in duets. She is quite willing to be a bee, or a bird, or a lily; but it is *de rigueur* that she should be either in the ornithological or the botanical line. It is all very well if the lover happens to have been a little in the duet way too. He can in this case understand the feeling, and nerve himself without much difficulty to respond to it. But if he is entirely ignorant about birds and botany, his task becomes more serious. He has the humiliation of being obliged to confine himself entirely to calling his future wife an angel or a goddess, according as he is most addicted to classical or to Christian mythology; while the mortifying thought cannot fail to strike him that both appellations are a little elevated and a little trite. If it were not, indeed, for the penny post, writing love-letters might not be so exhausting to the intellect. In old times a gentleman could only indite epistles of the kind once a week or once a fortnight, and had plenty of leisure to get up his literary steam and to select his illustrations. If at the moment it did not occur to him what sort of plant he wished to call his fair correspondent, he had at least seven days to think about it, and to consult his dictionary. The penny post has altered all this, and a lover's imagination now has to undergo frequent and diurnal drains which it really is quite unfitted to support. Courtship has become a literary crisis in life. Men must write as long as women will read, and it is on this account that the art of love-letter writing deserves to be seriously taught, and seriously recognised, even by so prosy and sedate a tribunal as the Civil Service Commissioners. It is a sad thing to think how many *attachés*, Indian civil servants, and clerks in Government offices, are totally ignorant of the proper rudiments of a training which is sure to become necessary to them in the daily routine of their profession.

As it is too late now for society to go back upon its traces, and to put down that fatal institution, the penny post, the next best alternative would be perhaps to abolish love-letters altogether, and to substitute in

their place all the antiquated machinery of love-making which the rapid and unsentimental ideas of the age have long since set aside. Why, if the truth must be spoken, should a young gentleman write frequent letters to his betrothed wife at all? The passion for so doing cannot be natural or universal, for it does not obtain among nations who are unacquainted with a postal system. If he has anything particular to say, he could usually come and say it in person. Love-letters, after all, are a lazy way of making love. They might be tolerated in the days when there were neither railways nor Hansom cabs, and when long journeys separated faithful lovers. But in a generation when a railway ticket carries us in less than twelve hours from London to Dublin, love-letters surely ought to be an anachronism. It may be said, in answer to this, that a lover has not always anything to say of so particular and special a kind as to make it worth his while to travel twelve hours for the mere purpose of saying it. And nothing is more likely to be true. But this is a strange confession as to the inanity of the contents of a love-letter. On this hypothesis, a love-letter is solely and simply a document meant to contain things which are not worth telling at the cost of a long journey. No avowal could be more damaging to the cause which it was designed to uphold; and if lovers have nothing better to urge in favour of love-letters than this, they are out of court altogether. There may of course be exceptional and extreme cases, such as the case of poor lovers who cannot afford the expense of railways or of cabs, as there may be instances of faithful lovers separated by cruel parents. In the present condition of society, however, it is obvious that love-letters cannot be kept up as an institution merely for the sake of fostering and assisting improvident marriages. Lovers have no business to be too poor to travel. If they are, we are quite sure that they are far too poor to marry. Expensive as are railway fares, they are not so expensive as children; and the gentleman who cannot afford a Hansom cab certainly cannot afford a wife. As to the other case of love interrupted by stern and relentless parents, it is still easier to answer. Love-letters are not the proper remedy for this misfortune. Providence has not bestowed on England the penny post in order to promote clandestine attachments. Certainly Romeo wrote to Juliet, but he did not write to her every day; and though a secret love-letter now and then may be tolerated according to all the laws of ancient and modern romance,

there is something singularly earthy, cockneyish, and unromantic in the notion of a daily penny correspondence between hearts that are beating for one another. Leander did not write to Hero by the post. He swam across to her. It is no doubt true that he was drowned; but the unfortunate end of an individual does not militate against the truth of a great principle.

It may possibly be thought that, if love-letters are to be abolished, there may be a difficulty about finding something to replace them. There is not much force, if there is any force at all, in this reasoning. The great thing is to have a conventional means of communication between lovers; and we entertain no doubt but that one conventional form of intercourse in the long run will satisfy them quite as well as another. One change for the better which might be proposed in the interest of those whose minds, however cultivated, are not equal to the tension of daily love-letters, would be a return to the old classical practice of amatory poetry. A hundred things may be said in rhyme which look very badly in prose. The moon, for example — not to mention angels and goddesses — does admirably in a sonnet. Nobody wants to use sonnets for anything else, and the medium or vehicle, and the imagery which is to fill it, thus become quite fitting and appropriate for one another. A vehicle like a penny letter, which is usually employed for business and pleasure, for accepting dinner invitations, and ordering bales of cotton, is not made to carry the moon and the stars, and all sorts of flowers and plants. The connection is incongruous, and a lover may well feel foolish when he reflects that the letter which contains all his rhapsodies lies on the breakfast-table of his lady-love in a heap of similar epistles filled with the latest tidings about bonnets and about crinoline. Let us make a bold effort, and go back to romantic poems. Rhythm and rhyme at all events are never profaned by trade or business. They remain dedicated still to sentiment and feeling. And we may be quite sure that what the communications of lovers lose in frequency, they will gain in strength and solidity. Love-letters are too easily composed to be composed well. Fifty things go into each of which any sensible scholar or man of taste may well be ashamed. Fortunately, rhyme is not so easily written; and it will be a pleasure and a gain to young Englishwomen to reflect that Augustus has not scribbled off the first nonsense that came into his head about roses and sunbeams in a hurry, but has sat

down and laboured seriously to make his verses worth reading. And any young woman who likes (as all do who are in love) to be called extravagant names will gain indescribably by the amendment. It is twenty times as easy to call a beautiful person out of the way names in poetry as in prose. An "angel" is nothing — the merest nothing — in any lyric stanzas properly got up; while in a letter it seems flabby and stagey. Let us therefore abandon love-letters, and go back to poetry; and if lovers have any spare emotion to let off which is not absorbed in the process of making rhymes, let them take to serenades, if necessary, in

addition. The English climate is not really too cold for serenading, though it may be the fashion to think so. Well wrapped up, a lover might hold out a whole winter; and after a crowded and heated evening party, a cool half hour at a guitar, with a cigar, would suit equally the serenader and the serenadee. The next love-letter that any young lady writes had better, therefore, like the celebrated letter of Penelope, ask to close the correspondence, except so far as it can be continued in person, or at least underneath a balcony.

Nil mihi rescribas ut tamen; ipse veni.

From Good Words.

DOLL POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

I. — THE PICTURE.

THIS is her picture — Dolladine —
The beautifullest Doll that ever was seen!
Oh, what nose-gays! Oh, what sashes!
Oh, what beautiful eyes and lashes!

Oh, what a precious perfect pet!
On each instep a pink rosette;
Little blue shoes for her little blue tots;
Elegant ribbons in bows and knots.

Her hair is powdered; her arms are straight;
Only feel, she is quite a weight!
Her legs are limp, though; — stand up, miss! —
What a beautiful buttoned-up mouth to kiss!

II. — THE LOVE STORY.

THIS is the Doll with respect to whom
A story is told that ends in gloom;
For there was a sensitive little sir
Went out of his mind for love of her!

They pulled a wire, she moved her eye;
They squeezed the bellows, they made her cry;
But the boy could never be persuaded
That these were really things which *they* did.

"My Dolladine," he said, "has life;
I love her, and she shall be my wife;
Dainty delicate Dolladine,
The prettiest girl that ever was seen!"

To give his passion a chance to cool,
They sent the lover to boarding-school,
But absence only made it worse —
He never learnt anything, prose or verse!

He drew her likeness on his slate;
His grammar was in a *dreadful* state,
With Dolladine all over the edges,
And true love-knots, and vows, and pledges.

What was the consequence? — Doctor Whack
Begged of his parents to take him back;
When his condition, poor boy, was seen,
Too late, they sent for Dolladine.

And now he will never part with her:
He calls her lily, and rose, and myrrh,
Dolly-o'-diamonds, precious lamb,
Humming-bird, honey-pot, jewel, jam,

Darling, delicate-dear delight,
Angel-o'-red, angel-o'-white,
Queen of beauty, and such like names;
In fact all manner of darts and flames!

Of course, while he keeps up this wooing,
His education goes to ruin:
What are his prospects in future life,
With only a doll for his lawful wife?

It is feared his parents' hearts will break !
And there's one remark I wish to make ;
I may be wrong, but it seems a pity
For a moveable doll to be made too pretty.

An old-fashioned doll, that is not like nature,
Can never pass for a human creature ;
It is in a doll that moves her eyes
That the danger of these misfortunes lies !

The lover's name must be suppressed
For obvious reasons. He lives out west,
And if I call him Pygmalion Pout,
I don't believe you will find him out !

III. — DRESSING HER.

This is the way we dress the Doll : —
You may make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you give her a crook with a pastoral hook,
But this is the way we dress the doll.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the
Doll,
But do not crumple and mess the
Doll !
This is the way we dress the Doll.

First, you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk ;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagrees.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the
Doll,
But do not crumple or mess the
Doll !
This is the way we dress the Doll.

Now these are the bodies : she has two,
One of pink, with ruches of blue,
And sweet white lace ; be careful, do !
And one of green, with buttons of sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I mean,
With lace on the border in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her !

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the
Doll,
But do not crumple or mess the
Doll !
This is the way we dress the Doll.

Then, with black at the border, jacket
And this — and this — she will not lack it ;
Skirts ? Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice, in the proper place
(Stays that lace have had their days
And made their martyrs) ; likewise garters,

All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in !
It's not the one that's made for her wedding ;
That is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign,
Three times three and nine times nine :
These are only her usual clothes :
Look, there's a wardrobe ! gracious knows
It's pretty enough, as far as it goes !

So you see the way we dress the Doll :
You might make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you gave her a crook with a pastoral hook,
With sheep, and a shed, and a shallow brook,
And all that, out of the poetry-book.

Chorus. Bless the Doll, you may press the
Doll,
But do not crumple and mess the
Doll !
This is the way we dress the Doll ;
If you had not seen, could you
guess the Doll ?

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of Time,
Back from the years ago,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and chime
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like the carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our heart will ever hold,
Some smiles we may remember yet,
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould,
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

Ah, welladay ! 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last ;
The heavy clods on her grave are cast,
And her voice is stilled, and above her, fast,
Fast falls the Winter rain !